

IMPROVEMENT ERA



Vol. 30.

No. 11

SEPTEMBER, 1927

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
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BOOK OF MORMON, ITS OWN TESTIMONY

He who humbly prays for wisdom, wishing Heaven's
light to shine,

Shall receive a testimony while he reads this book
divine.

He shall have his vision open to the glory of the Plan
God ordained, through the Messiah, in atonement made
for Man.

He shall learn what is transcendent in the splendor of a
glow

Far above the feeble glimmering of earthly life below.

He shall see a greater universe revealed and oft appear
Whither God in his supremacy, shall all mankind
revere.

Vision, vision that God's Spirit often opens to his eyes
Gives the calm assuring reason that man's spirit never
dies.

Faith that ever is uplifting places him in harmony
With the laws of an existence that celestial life shall be,

And the scheme of life eternal shall be opened to his
view,

Progress bless in love's dominion with a love forever
true,

Heaven, faith's reality, be hope's illumined holy fire,
And intelligence be glory that shall crown his heart's
desire!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

THE BOOK OF MORMON

"If the gospel, as set forth in the Book of Mormon, were accepted by a neighborhood, a town, a city, or a world, there would be no thieving there any longer, there would be no lying there any longer, no cheating, no deceiving, no intentional breaking of promises, no wrong dealing, no extortion, no hatred, no envy, and no evil speaking—because obedience to the gospel implies repentance, which means nothing more nor less than putting away all our evils and ceasing to do them."

"The joy which filled my bosom in reading that sacred record, waking up our minds and giving us the knowledge of the past dealings of God with the inhabitants of this vast western hemisphere, and of a nation of people as ancient as that of Abraham or of the Jaredites, and giving us knowledge also of a branch of scattered Israel led away from the land of their fathers 600 years B. C., and the glorious fact, the most important of all in the book, that the risen Jesus, in his glorified, immortal flesh and bones, set his feet upon this western hemisphere and ministered publicly to thousands and thousands of the Nephites, blessed them, revealed to them his gospel in its fulness, and was glorified in their presence * * all these things received in faith in my heart, and by the spirit of knowledge and of light and of understanding, and of hope and joy and charity, filled my heart in a way that I never can express to any being; to have the same joy understood, it must be experienced."—*Parley P. Pratt, Journal of Discourses*, vol. 3, pp. 179 and 308.

A Nation Speaks From Out the Dust

Rejoice, O Earth! while tempests rage,
The Dispensation's early morn
Brings forth a wonder of the age—
A modern miracle is born!

One hundred years have passed away
Since pillowed in celestial flame,
To Ramah's slopes, dethroning day,
The angel of the record came.

To Joseph, God's anointed Seer,
He gave the Book of Mormon old
That lay reposed from year to year
There in Cumorah's virgin mold.

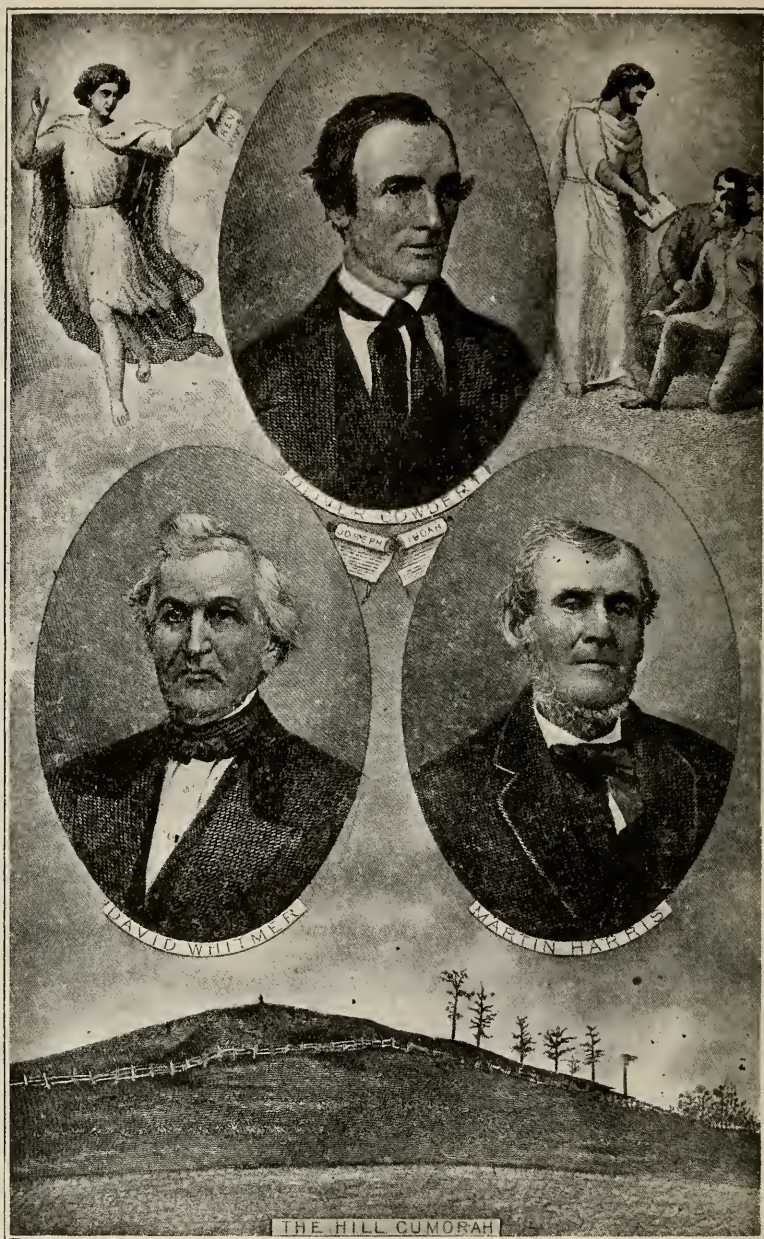
A nation speaks from out the dust!
Let Joseph's scattered seed rejoice!
The pages of that sacred trust
Are vibrant with Jehovah's voice.

His words of life are written there;
His promises and precepts old;
And gems of hidden wisdom rare
Adorn that sacred book of gold.

Sweet with the voice of hallowed Seers
From age to hoary age it lay,
The story of forgotten years
And struggling nation passed away,

To issue forth in latter days
From ancient Ramah's sacred sod,
To reconcile a darkened race
And vindicate the ways of God.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.



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THE THREE WITNESSES AND THE HILL CUMORAH

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXX

SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 11

THE BOOK OF MORMON

Historical and Prophetic Phases

BY ELDER ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

In the summer of 1914 it fell to my lot to visit some of the scenes made memorable by the early experiences of the Latter-day Saints. One object of surpassing interest was the Hill Cumorah, called "Mormon Hill" by the inhabitants of the region in which it is situated—namely, Western New York state, about midway between the towns of Palmyra and Manchester. Palmyra is where the Book of Mormon—its first edition—was printed; and Manchester, is the place nearest the rural home of Joseph Smith's parents, when he was but a boy.

A Visit to Palmyra

I bore a letter of introduction to a prominent citizen of Palmyra, Mr. P. T. Sexton, a wealthy lawyer and banker, who owned the Hill Cumorah and the old printing office in which the Book of Mormon went to press. Mr. Sexton received me courteously, and showed me, not only a copy of the first edition of the book, but also the corrected proofs of that edition, kept by him in a glass case and treasured as a relic of great worth. The proofs, he told me, were originally the property of one Major Gilbert, printer for E. B. Grandin, who had the publishing contract from Joseph Smith, and his associates. Gilbert had been a tenant of Sexton's, and in his old age, broken down, impecunious, and unable to pay his rent, had surrendered to his landlord these proofs, in liquidation of the debt. At the close of a very pleasant interview with Mr. Sexton, he called for his car, and directed the chauffeur to take me to the Hill Cumorah, "and wherever else Mr. Whitney would like to go." This commission was faithfully executed.

At the Smith Farm

Two and a half miles south of Palmyra, we halted at the Smith

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Farm (then as now the property of the Church) and entered "The Sacred Grove," the scene of the Prophet Joseph's first vision. I also stepped inside the house, a comparatively new structure built upon the site of a humbler dwelling in which the youthful Seer had his earliest interviews with the Angel Moroni. We then sped on to "Mormon Hill."

The Hill Cumorah

Before leaving my home among the mountains—whose towering tops seem to challenge the attention of the inhabitants of Mars—I had been told by friends who had seen the famous Hill, that it would disappoint me, being "not much of a hill, after all." But I felt no disappointment on beholding it. Cumorah is not a mountain, but it certainly is a hill, and the most considerable one in all that beautiful rolling country. It is of the variety known as "hog's back," the highest part, a bold bluff facing north, rising abruptly from a lane, and gradually receding southward until lost in the more level plain beyond. I would say that the Hill Cumorah about equals in height the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, exclusive of the towers. A climb up the grassy eastern slope on a hot day was sufficient, I found, to start a healthy perspiration.

On the West side, a little below the hill-top, and overlooking the road running toward Manchester, grew a rose bush, planted by some unknown hand, to mark the spot where was taken out, one hundred years ago, the stone box containing the record plates of the Book of Mormon.

To be there, upon that sacred summit, was to dream of the past and ponder upon the future, as I do now, while preparing this sketch.

Joseph Smith's First Vision

It was early in the spring of 1820 that Joseph Smith, then a lad between fourteen and fifteen years of age, had his glorious vision of the Father and the Son; the first known instance of the exercise by the "Choice Seer," of his matchless gift. And it was three years and some months later, when, during the night of September 21-22, he first beheld the angel messenger who revealed to him the existence of the golden plates.

The Angel Moroni

The angel gave his name as Moroni, and stated that while in mortal life he had ministered as a prophet to an ancient people called Nephites, a branch of the house of Israel—not the Lost Tribes, as is frequently asserted by the uninformed, but a remnant of the tribe of Joseph, mixed with a remnant of the tribe of Judah. The former had crossed over from Jerusalem about the year 600 B. C.; the others a few years afterward. These blended colonies had inhabited the Americas down to about the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era.

when the civilized but degenerate Nephites were destroyed by a savage faction known as Lamanites, ancestors of the present-day American Indians.

The Nephite Record

The Angel further stated that a record of the Nephites had been hidden in a hill not far from Joseph's home—a hill anciently called Cumorah; and upon that spot, four years later (September 22, 1827), Moroni delivered the record into his hands. It was a book of metallic plates "having the appearance of gold," covered with strange characters, "small and beautifully engraved"—characters known to the Nephites as "the reformed Egyptian" (Mormon 9: 32). By means of "interpreters," discovered with the plates, and consisting of "two stones in silver bows," the youth translated the unsealed portion of the record, and with the assistance of a few friends published to the world the Book of Mormon. It was so named for its compiler, the Nephite prophet Mormon, whose son and survivor, Moroni, had buried the plates where Joseph Smith found them.

History and Prophecy

The Book of Mormon is a sacred history of pre-historic America, and a prophecy of the wondrous future of this chosen land. It tells not only of the Nephites and Lamanites, but also of a more ancient people, the Jaredites, who came from the Tower of Babel at the time of the confusion of tongues. Becoming extinct, the Jaredites were succeeded by the Israelitish colony, led from Jerusalem by a prophet named Lehi, whose sons Nephi and Laman became, respectively, the heads of the two nations called after them. The Jewish remnant that mixed with the descendants of Lehi was headed by Mulek, one of the sons of Zedekiah, king of Judah, whom the Babylonian conqueror, Nebuchadnezzar, overthrew.

The Land of Zion

The Jaredites, as well as the Nephites, had a knowledge of the Christ and of the principles of his Gospel, revealed to them prior to his advent. To both these nations it was made known that America is the Land of Zion, the place for the New Jerusalem, a holy city to be built "unto the remnant of the seed of Joseph" (3 Nephi 21:23, 24; Ether 13:3-8). Likewise it was shown to them that the Old Jerusalem would be rebuilt "unto the house of Israel" in the last days, before the Savior's second coming.

A Nursing Mother

Among the many interesting features of the Book of Mormon, is a prophecy relating to the discovery of America by Columbus; the migration of the Pilgrim Fathers and others to these western shores; the war for American Independence, and the founding of the republic of the United States, a nation destined long before its birth to play

the part of nursing mother to the restored Church of Christ (1 Nephi 13:10-19; 22: 7, 8).

And here let me interject, that whatever may be said of the persecutions suffered by the Latter-day Saints in various states of the Union—persecutions inflicted, not because of the Constitution or the genius of the American government, but in spite of them—persecutions by lawless force, mob violence, ever to be execrated and condemned by every true patriot—whatever may be said of such deplorable happenings, still must our noble Nation be credited with what it has done in the direction of fulfilling its God-given mission. It is extremely doubtful that in any other land, or in any other nation upon this land, would the Lord's people have been treated with the same degree of consideration. In no other country on earth, without special divine interposition in its behalf, would this marvelous work and wonder have been permitted to come forth.

A Land of Liberty

America, according to Nephite prophecy, based upon divine revelation, is to be a land of liberty to the Gentiles—modern peoples, not of Israel, now possessing it—provided they serve the God of the Land, who is Jesus Christ. So long as they shall follow righteousness and maintain the pure principles upon which this Government was founded, just so long will they prosper and enjoy the favor of Heaven. America, if true to her mission, is promised divine protection, and will be invulnerable to every foe. God “will fortify this land against all other nations,” and they who “fight against Zion shall perish” (2 Nephi 10:11-13).

If, however, the Gentiles, lifted up in pride, shall harden their hearts and reject the fulness of the Gospel, Liberty's perfect law, another destiny, and a sad one, awaits them. No king but Christ shall reign upon Zion's Land. No people occupying it can practice evil with impunity. The nation fostered here must be a righteous nation, or like the Jaredites and the Nephites, who perished because of their wickedness, it will be swept from off the face of the land when the cup of its iniquity is full. So the God of Heaven hath decreed (Ether 2:8-12).

Joseph's Blessing

Another name for America, authorized by the Book of Mormon, is the Land of Joseph, referred to by the Patriarch Jacob in blessing his twelve sons (Gen. 49:22-26), and by the Prophet Moses in his farewell benediction upon the twelve tribes of Israel (Deut. 33:13-15). Jacob's allusion to Joseph as “a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall,” was fulfilled in the migration of Lehi and his companions from Asia to America over the Pacific Ocean. It is hardly necessary to add, that one of the main features of these western continents are those mighty mountain ranges, the Andes and the Rock-

ies, well termed by the Hebrew Patriarch "the everlasting hills," nature's depositories for "the precious things of the earth"—gold, silver, and other minerals—and for "the precious things of heaven"—the sacred records already discovered, and others that are yet to come forth.

Joseph and Judah

The Book of Mormon has a divine mission in connection with the Hebrew Scriptures, "unto the confounding of false doctrines and laying down of contentions" (2 Nephi 3:12). It is "The Stick of Joseph," mentioned by the Prophet Ezekiel, that was to be one with "The Stick of Judah" (The Bible) "in the hand of Ephraim." They were also to be one in the hand of Jehovah, symbolizing the reunion of the two great branches of the Israelitish race, after many centuries of separation. "And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel," saith the Lord, "and David my servant shall be king over them" (Ezek. 37:16-24). The king here spoken of is not David, son of Jesse, but "another by the name of David" who is to be "raised up out of his lineage" (*History of the Church*, vol. 6, p. 253).

David's empire, which parted in twain, forming the Kingdom of Judah and the Kingdom of Israel, may have been a foreshadowing of God's greater empire of the last days, which will consist of two grand divisions—two in one. Here, upon the "land choice above all other lands" (Ether 2:10), the children of Joseph, descended through Ephraim, are even now assembling to prepare for Messiah's advent. The Jews will greet Him at Jerusalem. Christ's Kingdom will have two capitals, one in the Old World, one in the New; one in America, the other in Palestine. "For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa 2:3).

Jesus Christ in America

The main fact for which the Book of Mormon stands is the visitation of the Savior, after his resurrection at Jerusalem, to the righteous remnant of the Nephites, who had survived the awful cataclysm of destruction coincident with his crucifixion. Some might think the great wars of the Jaredites, Nephites and Lamanites, with the mighty political changes and geographic convulsions, preceding or succeeding the rise and downfall of cities and empires founded by those ancient peoples, whose wonderful civilizations are now the study of the archaeologist and the antiquarian—some might think these the more consequential features of the Book of Mormon. I did, when I was a boy, and looked at all things through boyish eyes. When reading that sacred record—and I read it very early, by the advice and persuasion of my sainted mother—I would skip over the prophecies and preachings, which meant little to me then, and feast upon battles, victories and defeats, acts of courage and heroism, with which the book abounds; and which had for me, a romantic fascination.

As I grew older and "put away childish things," I became a devout student of the Gospel, and learned to appreciate the sublime doctrines set forth in the Nephite record; for I had developed a testimony of the truth, and as a young missionary was out preaching it to people in the world. Not until my mind was matured however, did I grasp with anything like a full and clear comprehension, the significance of the risen Savior's appearance upon the Land of Zion—this land, where the New Jerusalem will yet rise, and the way be prepared for the glorious coming of the King of kings.

TRANSLATION AND PUBLICATION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

BY ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE
TWELVE, AND CHURCH HISTORIAN

The idea seems to prevail quite generally among members of the Church that the Prophet Joseph Smith spent the greater part of his time between September, 1823, when he received the plates, and the fall of 1829, translating the Book of Mormon.

As to the Length of Time

Because of lack of dates it is impossible to tell exactly how long it took him to complete the translation, but we know from the historical information at hand that there were many days spent in other work, when no attempt was made to translate after that labor had been undertaken. There were times when the Lord commanded him to cease translating. For instance, the Lord said on one occasion (Doc. and Cov. 5:30): "I say unto thee Joseph, when thou hast translated a few more pages thou shalt stop for a season, even until I command thee again." The reason given for this is that his enemies were lying in wait to destroy him and the work. Again the Lord said: "Do not run faster or labor more than you have strength and means provided to enable you to translate; but be diligent unto the end." (Doc. and Cov. 10:4).

Time for Study and Practice

Joseph Smith received the plates and the Urim and Thummim September 22, 1827. Because of persecution, poverty, and the necessity of "laboring with his hands" for a living, nothing was done towards translating the record that year. However, he was busy studying the characters and making himself familiar with them and the use of the Urim and Thummim. He had a great deal more to do than merely to sit down and with the use of the instrument prepared for that purpose translate the characters on the plates. Nothing worth while comes to us merely for the asking. All knowledge and skill are ob-

tained by consistent and determined study and practice, and so the Prophet found it to be the case in the translating of the Book of Mormon. It will be remembered that the Lord said to Oliver Cowdery when he desired to translate: "But, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind." Oliver thought it would be easy, but found it difficult and therefore was content to accept the advice from the Lord and continue as scribe to Joseph Smith.

The Lost Pages

It was between December, 1827, and February, 1828, that the Prophet copied the characters from the plates; and, in the month of February, Martin Harris carried them to New York to Professor Charles Anthon (*History of the Church*, vol. 1, p. 19.) April 12, 1828, Martin Harris commenced to write, and the Prophet to translate the abridgment giving the history of Lehi and down to the days of King Benjamin. These pages Martin Harris lost, and because of his disobedience he was not permitted to act again as scribe and the Prophet Joseph lost his gift for a season.

Oliver Cowdery Appears

Oliver Cowdery came to the Prophet at Harmony, Pennsylvania, April 5, 1829, and two days later commenced to write at Joseph Smith's dictation. It must be remembered that they had to commence once more at the beginning and cover the same ground that had been covered in the lost manuscript, but in more detail, for they were now translating the small plates of Nephi. The translating with Oliver Cowdery as scribe, continued without interruption (*History of the Church*, vol. 1, p. 35) until May 15, 1829, when these two men having a desire to know something more about baptism went into the woods to pray and received the Aaronic Priesthood from John the Baptist. Following this important event, it became necessary for Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery to change their place of residence because of opposition, and they therefore moved from Harmony, Pennsylvania, to Fayette, Seneca county, New York, to the home of the Whitmers.

The Witnesses are Shown the Plates

It was early in June, 1829, that Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, with Joseph Smith retired to the woods and sought the Lord in prayer and were visited by the angel who revealed to them the plates. It was also on this occasion that they heard the voice of the Lord declaring unto them that the record *had been translated* by the gift and power of God.

Copyright Secured

About this time Joseph Smith also writes: "Meantime, our translation drawing to a close, we went to Palmyra, Wayne county, New York, secured the copyright, and agreed with Mr. Egbert B. Grandin

to print five thousand copies for the sum of three thousand dollars."

I think we may conclude that the copyright was not secured until the translation was completed, and these words of the Prophet Joseph indicate that this is the case. The copyright bears the date of June 11, 1829.

Book Ready for Distribution

After completing the translation it took some time to make arrangements with Mr. Grandin and to raise the sum required to print the book, the funds being furnished by Martin Harris through the sale of his personal property. In the meantime Oliver Cowdery, at the request of Joseph Smith, made a complete copy of the manuscript, and it was this manuscript copy that was taken to the printer, sheet at a time, until the Book of Mormon was printed. Mr. Grandin commenced the printing in August, 1829, and the Book of Mormon was ready for distribution about the first of March, 1830.

We may conclude from the evidence that the actual time of translating the record, as we have it in the Book of Mormon, was between April 7, 1829, and the first week of June of that same year, or, not to exceed two full months.

TESTIMONIES OF THE WITNESSES TO THE BOOK OF MORMON

BY ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE
TWELVE, AND CHURCH HISTORIAN

The question has been asked many times of our Elders:

Where are the Plates?

"Does the Church have in its possession the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated by Joseph Smith?" When the answer is given that the plates were received again by the Angel Moroni, who through the centuries since they were "hid up unto the Lord" has been their special guardian, the reply is generally made: "What a wonderful aid it would be to your people in convincing the world of the truth of your story if you could show the plates to prove that Joseph Smith really had them."

Perhaps it is natural for a man who hears for the first time the story of Joseph Smith and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon to propound such a question, and to think that the plates, if they had been placed in some museum where the public could examine them, would have added much to prove the authenticity of the Prophet's story. With deeper reflection we discover that this would not have been the case, for, it is not the way the Lord proves his truth, now or at any other time. However, in surprise, and in some cases with an

incredulous smile, the propounder of this question turns away feeling that such an answer as he has received is an admission that Joseph Smith never had the plates and practiced a fraud upon the public.

It is well in considering this matter to remember the words of the Lord to Isaiah:

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Isaiah 55:8-9.

If the Lord had followed the thoughts of men and had commanded Joseph Smith to place the plates in some repository where they could have been inspected by the curious public, it would have led to endless disputations. Enemies of the Church would not have been convinced and would have contended most bitterly that the plates were spurious. No one could have read them for the characters engraved on them are unknown to the savants of the present age.

The Lord does not convince men of his truth by placing before their eyes and in their hands tangible evidence, as a lawyer may do before the court, marking it "exhibit A" and "exhibit B," and then expect it to be accepted. The Lord expects the searcher after truth to approach him with a contrite spirit and with sincerity of purpose; if he will do this and keep the commandments of the Lord he shall receive the witness through the Holy Spirit, and shall know the truth. This testimony will come with such force and clearness that it cannot be denied. For this reason the Lord said, "Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

All truth connected with the Plan of Salvation is reasonable and comprehensible. At least it may be comprehended by those who trust in the Lord and put themselves in an attitude to receive the revelation he may give them. The Lord does not leave man to discover truth without any guidance. Never has he performed any important work for the salvation of the people without first sending among them his specially appointed witnesses who are empowered to speak in authority and with knowledge of the things of which they testify. "Surely the Lord God will do nothing until he revealeth the secret unto his servants the prophets," said Amos many centuries ago. This does not mean that the prophets of old have prophesied and predicted everything to be revealed concerning our times; but prophets and witnesses are always raised up at the time of the important event, or just preceding it, to give proper instruction and warning to the people. Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and many other prophets, predicted events that were to take place in these last days; among other things they prophesied of the making of new covenants by the Lord with his people, and the coming of messengers to instruct and warn them, preparing the way before the second coming of the Savior.

Testimony and the Appointment of Witnesses

There is a law definitely stated in the scriptures governing testimony and the appointment of witnesses. This law the Lord has always followed in granting new revelation to the people. The Jews understood this law very well, but in their blindness of soul failed to apply it to the ministry of the Son of God. One day as our Lord was endeavoring to teach them, they challenged him by saying: "Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true!" As much as to say, "Since you are the only one who testifies of your mission, we do not have to accept what you say for you do not fulfil the requirements of the law pertaining to witnesses." The Lord has declared to them previously that he is the bread of life and the water of life, which would bring them eternal life if they would receive him. He had confessed to them that he is the Son of God; but they rejected all that he said and did among them, manifesting a spirit of murderous opposition.

On this occasion when they challenged his authority he answered them:

"Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true; for I know whence I came, and whither I go; but ye cannot tell whence I come, and whither I go.

"Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man. And yet if I judge, my judgment is true: for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me.

"It is also written in your law, that the testimony of two men is true.

"I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me."

"Then said they unto him, Where is thy Father?"

"Jesus answered, Ye neither know me, nor my Father: if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also."

The point to be considered here is this: The Jews as well as Jesus recognized the law given by our Father governing his witnesses and their testimony to the world. The Savior tried to convince these hardened Jews that he had complied with this law. There could be no greater witnesses than his Father and himself to testify of his mission. And why should not the Son be entitled to have his Father as his witness? The Father had acknowledged his Son on several occasions, in the presence of witnesses, not always openly to the world, although the appearance of the New Star was a general sign. Jesus had freely declared himself among the Jews to be the Son of God. He had performed many mighty miracles and wonderful works and had spoken in authority, but his words and deeds failed to penetrate the stony hearts and the calloused brains of the sons of Judah. He made no effort to teach the Gentile world, declaring that he was sent only to the lost sheep of Israel, but finally he did send his specially appointed witnesses unto all the world, carrying the message of the gospel to every creature.

Joseph Followed the Divine Plan

Presenting the Book of Mormon to the world, Joseph Smith, under the direction of the Lord, followed strictly the plan that had been

divinely adopted; and that is in sending authorized witnesses who could testify with him of the sacred message he had to deliver to the unbelieving world. Joseph Smith translated but a portion of the golden record, for part of it was sealed, and he was commanded not to break the seals, for that part of the record was not to be given to the world until some future time. Nephi said nearly six hundred years B. C., of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon:

"And behold the book shall be sealed; and in the book shall be a revelation from God, from the beginning of the world to the ending thereof.

"Wherefore, because of the things which are sealed up, the things which are sealed shall not be delivered in the day of the wickedness and abominations of the people. Wherefore the book shall be kept from them." II Nephi 27:7-8.

We learn more of the reason for this from Mormon, four centuries after Christ, when he was compiling the record, when he said:

"And these things have I written, which are a lesser part of the things which he taught the people; and I have written them to the intent that they may be brought again unto this people, from the Gentiles, according to the words which Jesus hath spoken.

"And when they shall have received this, which is expedient that they should have first, to try their faith, and if it shall so be that they shall believe these things then shall the greater things be made manifest unto them.

"And if it so be that they will not believe these things, then shall the greater things be withheld from them, unto their condemnation." III Nephi 26:8-10.

Purpose of the Book of Mormon

The purpose of the Book of Mormon is that it may be a witness for the Hebrew Scriptures—the Bible—and a means of convincing both the Jews and the Gentiles that Jesus is the Christ who manifests himself to all nations; also to bring back to a knowledge of God the remnant of the House of Israel on this American Continent. As a volume of scripture containing the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Book of Mormon is of the greatest value to the world. For this reason the Lord said he would establish its truth by the mouth of witnesses:

"Wherefore, at that day when the book shall be delivered unto the man of whom I have spoken, the book shall be hid from the eyes of the world, that the eyes of none shall behold it save it be that three witnesses shall behold it, by the power of God, besides him to whom the book shall be delivered; and they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein.

"And there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few according to the will of God, to bear testimony of his word unto the children of men; for the Lord God hath said that the words of the faithful should speak as if it were from the dead.

"Wherefore, the Lord God will proceed to bring forth the words of the book; and in the mouth of as many witnesses as seemeth him good will he establish his word; and woe be unto him that rejecteth the word of God!"

It was essential that other witnesses should be called to stand

with Joseph Smith in testifying of the restoration of the Church and the coming forth of this new revelation from God. Had he testified alone of these important things the world could have called him in question, and properly so, for he would not have fulfilled the requirements of the law. It is doubtful that Joseph Smith in his early youth, while translating the Book of Mormon, had any idea of what is written in the Bible concerning witnesses, yet he followed it faithfully. Moreover, in a revelation he received in March, 1829, the Lord said to him:

"But this generation shall have my word through you;

"And in addition to your testimony, the testimony of three of my servants, whom I shall call and ordain, unto whom I will show these things, and they shall go forth with my words that are given through you.

"Yea, they shall know of a surety that these things are true, for from heaven will I declare it unto them." D. and C. 5:10-12.

The Three Witnesses

The three men called to serve as special witnesses of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon by the power of God, are Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris. It is not the purpose of this article to enter into the biographies of these men, it is enough to state that they were associated with Joseph Smith in the establishing of this marvelous work in this dispensation. Later all three witnesses became estranged and left the Church. Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris came back humbly seeking membership in the Church and both died in full fellowship. David Whitmer remained out of the Church; however, all three of these men remained faithful to the testimony they gave to the world which is found in each copy of the Book of Mormon.

Their testimony is that they received a visitation of an angel from the presence of the Lord, who laid before them the golden record from whence the Book of Mormon was translated and instructed them. They beheld the engravings upon the plates as the leaves were turned one by one before them, and the voice of God was heard by them declaring from the heavens that the translation was by the gift and power of God, and commanding them to bear record of it to all the world. These three witnesses, through adversity, persecution, and all the vicissitudes of life, always remained true to their testimony that they beheld the plates in the presence of an angel and heard the voice of God speaking to them from the heavens.

The Eight Witnesses

There were eight other witnesses who also beheld the plates, handled them, examined carefully the engravings upon them as they were shown them by Joseph Smith. Their testimony is also given to the world and appears in each issue of the Book of Mormon. All of these eight men remained true to this testimony until death.

These twelve witnesses, four of whom beheld angels and had heavenly visions, and eight who beheld the record as it was shown to

them by Joseph Smith, are all, it appears, that the Lord deemed necessary to establish the truth of the Book of Mormon, as he promised through Nephi that he would do. "And wo be unto him that rejecteth the word of God!" The testimonies of these men more than satisfy the law.

Other Witnesses by the Thousands

These are not all the witnesses who can speak of the divine mission of Joseph Smith, or of the truth of the Book of Mormon. The promise is made in the Book of Mormon that all who desire to know whether it is true and contains the word of the Lord may know that it is true if they will ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, for he will reveal it to them by the power of the Holy Ghost. There are hundreds of thousands who have put this promise to the test and can in all sincerity say that they have received that knowledge.

Methods of the Prophet in Harmony with the Ways of the Savior

We see then, that the methods adopted by Joseph Smith—and that by revelation—in bringing forth the Book of Mormon and in organizing the Church, are in perfect harmony with the work of the Lord in all other generations. We can easily imagine some prominent scribe, lawyer, or Pharisee, saying to Peter and the apostles when they declared that they were witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus Christ: "If what you say is true, why did not Jesus show himself to us and to the world? What a wonderful thing it would be in convincing people of your story if you could only show him to the people that they might know that he is risen from the dead!"

In fact, the contemptuous cry of the chief priests and scribes to the Savior when he was on the cross was:

He saved others; himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him.

He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God.

They knew he saved others. They had been witnesses that he raised the dead, healed the sick and was a benefactor to the afflicted, but they sought a great sign, and how true are the words of the Lord: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign."

Our Savior after his resurrection, did not appear to the non-believing Jews, to Herod, or Pilate; he did not go before the Sanhedrin in triumph to convince them that he had risen. It was only to his disciples to whom he appeared, and then he sent them into all the world as witnesses declaring to every nation that he was in very deed the Resurrection and the Life. Said he to the apostles, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Again he said as he

appeared to them in his glorified body: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and ye are witnesses of these things."

Does it not appear that when Peter and the other disciples went forth, as they had been commanded, as witnesses having the perfect knowledge that Jesus Christ was risen from the dead and is verily the Son of God, that the people who heard their testimony and rejected it were under condemnation? Moreover, was it not sufficient for these disciples to testify to the world of this truth, to leave men without excuse who would not believe, without the Lord giving a direct manifestation, or making a personal appearance to each individual upon the face of the earth?

The course taken by Joseph Smith is in perfect harmony with this course adopted by our Savior. In truth it is the only consistent course that could be taken. In this life we are expected to walk by faith and not by sight, and yet the Lord sends among us witnesses who have seen and heard and who can speak with direct knowledge to encourage us to seek and find the truth, as Paul says: "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might find him, though he be not far from every one of us." It is the duty of all men to heed the message of the divinely appointed witnesses of the Lord and to prove their words by obeying the will of God which will be the means, through the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord, in convincing us of the truth.

Yet, how many accepted the story told by Peter, James and John, while they lived and testified? How many have accepted the testimony of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Martin Harris and other witnesses who have testified in this generation?

The world today, like the world in the day of our Lord's ministry, have before them Moses and the prophets whom, if they will not hear, "neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

Sonnet To Autumn

Through hazy mists the mountains now are seen,
 Their snow-capped steeples rising in the blue.
 The valleys that so late were bright and green
 Have changed their color to a darker hue.
 The Autumn wind's forlorn and mournful sound
 Is like a sad farewell to Summer days.
 The leaves have spread their carpet on the ground,
 No more to murmur in the breezes gay.
 No more we hear the Summer bird's sweet song;
 No more, their song of gladness and of cheer.
 For, to the sunny South they now have flown,
 To escape Winter blasts so cold and drear.
 But soon the snow will cover all the earth.
 And air resound with Christmas joy and mirth.

Ridgedale, Idaho

RUTH BURTON PIERCE

NEPHITE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS

LINCOLN'S SIMPLER CODE OF LIFE

Abraham Lincoln believed that he should be honest in everything he thought and said and did—honest with himself, never to think he believed what he did not, always facing the facts of life as they were uncovered to him, and being open-minded four ways; honest with his fellow men, never trying to mislead them in their thinking or their conduct, nor cheating them in any money transaction; honest with God, never taken too much credit to himself, keeping his conscience clear for the next life, and refusing to lay the wrong treasures in the chest.

This was his philosophy of life. A very simple one, to be sure, but one that worked in the most complex situations. Instead of having one rule or principle for this situation and another for that, he had one rule or principle for all occasions—be honest. It was easy to remember, and easy to apply. And it was always safe.

Now, the Nephites also had a philosophy of life—the Nephites. I mean, that did the thinking for the nation, the leaders. They probably would be surprised to know that it was called by this high-sounding name. Maybe they were not at all conscious of having one. Yet they had one, none the less, and a simple one it was, too, as simple as Abraham Lincoln's. It was this, Do what God tells you.

WHERE NEPHITE PHILOSOPHY IS TO BE FOUND

I do not say that the philosophy of life of the Nephites is to be got from this or that passage in the Book of Mormon, for it is not. You must bear this fact in mind as you read the present chapter, otherwise you may be misled in your mind and be disappointed. Rather is that philosophy to be gathered from the whole spirit of the Nephite record as that spirit is represented in the greater leaders of the people.

THE GROWTH OF A LITTLE CHILD

When a child comes into the world and lies there on the pillow a mere bit of red pulp, it is a very helpless creature—the most helpless, in fact, of all animals. Its organs are not at all developed in their uses. Indeed, it can hardly do anything besides move and cry. It cannot see, or hear, or taste, much less tell the difference between what is right and wrong. Gradually its physical and mental and moral qualities come into use, and grow, but so very slowly as to require a much longer infancy than any other animal. This is because man is endowed with reason, instead of instinct, as a principle of conduct in life.

Now, suppose a child were left to do as it pleased. Suppose no one cared whether it lived or died; whether, if it lived, it became a well developed man or woman in body and mind. Most likely it would die, and not live. For, when it was able to walk and to be attracted by a flame, it would rush to it and perhaps be burned to death, and there end everything. Or maybe it would be poisoned by a plant that looked wholesome but that had the sting of death in it. Or, again, it might contract a habit of conduct that would weaken its character and lessen its influence for good in the world. At every point its life, physical and moral, would be endangered by something or other.

But children are not left thus to themselves. On the contrary, they are guarded from all harm to body and spirit, and hedged about on all sides, by parents that love them beyond anything else on earth. "This," they are told, "will harm you, that will do you good. That stove is hot and will burn your fingers. That precipice is high, and a fall from it will mean your death. Or, doing this will develop your mind, while doing that will weaken it. Or, this line of conduct will certainly lead to such-and-such an end." On all hands are the finger-posts pointing the way to life and success, here and hereafter.

And the children respect and follow the judgment of their parents. Why? Because the parents have gone over the same road, and know the uses of things along the way. The main thing about an intelligent father and mother is that, besides being tremendously concerned about their children, they often know the end of life from the beginning. Experience has taught them this. Not only do they know that an apple, let go by the hand, will fall to the ground unless caught in the meantime, but they know also that all falsifying has a tendency to repeat itself till lying becomes a habit, which, if not checked, may result in a total eclipse of character. And children who do any thinking at all for themselves credit their parents' word, because they know their parents have lived long enough to see the hidden causes of lying produce effects that may be seen of all men.

GOD THE FATHER OF ALL MANKIND

The Nephites believed that man holds the same relationship to God that the child does to its earthly parents. God was to them the Father of *all* men—not only of the great and powerful, the intelligent, the free, the white, the gifted, but likewise of the humble, the illiterate, the bondsman, and the colored. He is the Father, not alone of those who lived in ancient and favored nations, but also of those who are alive today and in the weakest and most despised nations. *All* are his children, according to Nephite teachings as revealed in the Book of Mormon.

And the Nephites, more than most other peoples, know the love of God for his children. This is a theme that runs through the record of these people from Lehi to Mormon and Moroni, like a silken

thread unbroken. If you wish to learn how deep this knowledge of the love God has for his sons and daughters was in the minds of the Nephites, all you have to do is to read those unparalleled scenes in which Jesus administered to these people after his resurrection. In Palestine he healed an occasional sick person that came to him unasked, but in America he requested the multitude to bring him their sick, and he healed every one. In the land of the Jew he wept in the presence of a chosen few of his disciples; in the land of the Nephite he was not ashamed to shed tears before great concourses of people. "O Lord God Almighty!" exclaims the patriarch Lehi in a beautiful passage, "thy throne is high in the heavens, and thy power and goodness and mercy are over all the inhabitants of the earth; and because thou art merciful, thou wilt not suffer those who come unto thee that they shall perish." The Nephites, therefore, appear to have had the most implicit confidence in the love of God for his children.

Nor did they have any less faith and trust in his knowledge and wisdom to guide his children in safety. Just as the parent, being older and more experienced, sees farther into causes and effects than the child, so, they felt, to compare small things with great, is God's vision deeper and longer than man's. Time is only a part of eternity, and God lives in eternity, and has passed through time. Man is immortal, too, in his spirit, being "without beginning of days or end of years." Death is but an incident in man's real eternity, of which the Lord seems not to take any great account. He looks upon man, not in the little segment called time, but in the whole span of man's life. And so, when he speaks to his children here below, it is in this larger view of their lives, not the smaller. Hence, the seed may be sown in mortality, and the harvest, for good or ill, be reaped a million years hence, in immortality, just as we may find the cause laid in our childhood of which the effect becomes apparent in our late manhood or womanhood. That we do not see the effect of a given cause, is not because there is none, for it may be we do not live long enough in this life to see it. We are too short-visioned to perceive it—that is all. None knew this with greater certainty than the Nephites.

GOD USES A MEANS TO OBTAIN GOODNESS

There is one difference, however, between the manner in which God induces mankind to follow his will and the way in which an earthly father wins obedience from his children, and the difference is very marked. What is it?

Your father or mother points out to you the difference between what is right and what is wrong in conduct, shows you the consequences that will follow on the heels of your choice, and then leaves you to your own guidance and resources, your own strength or weakness. Sometimes, in the case of smaller children, punishment may be meted out, or a reward held out, as an inducement to resist

or to perform. But that is all that can be hoped for by any earthly parent—that the son or daughter will see the point and have strength of purpose enough to pursue the right course.

In the case of our heavenly Father, though, there is a positive influence, a vital force, at his command that works in man to bring personal righteousness. This power is the holy Spirit. It is the light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world. It teaches him the distinction between right and wrong, between the higher and the lower. After his baptism he receives the "gift of the Holy Ghost," which not only leads him into truth, but stiffens his will in temptation and urges him always "to keep to the right". It becomes in him, through the whisperings of the still, small voice, a power making for righteousness in the world. And this first and foremost aid to goodness, the Nephites believed in with all their heart.

OBEDIENCE AND FREEDOM

Now, if you know God and love him with all your heart and mind and strength, you will, according to the teachings of the Book of Mormon, cheerfully submit yourself to his guidance in everything. That is the secret of power and goodness in the Nephites whose character we have depicted for us in the volume that has come down to us. This was their philosophy of life. And they sought diligently to impose this philosophy upon the whole people, Lamanites, as well as Nephites, with more or less success.

Nor did such men as we have considered in these pages, men far above the average in intellectual power, think that, in yielding up their will to God, they were limiting or giving up their own personal freedom of thought or action.

They recognized the principle of free agency as at the very foundation of life. Says the patriarch Lehi, "Men are free according to the flesh—free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil, who seeketh that all men might be miserable like himself."

They recognized, also, that goodness means freedom and that evil is synonymous with bondage. The slave in spiritual things is he who breaks the law of life, whether it be a physical law or a moral law. As long as he lives above the law, it does not apply to him, and he is free. But the moment he comes in conflict with the law, any law, he is curtailed in his personal liberty. That is the nature of things as they are at present constituted in this universe of ours. The spirit of the Book of Mormon leads us to obedience as a means of retaining freedom.

A clear notion is apt to be a true notion, just as a vague, misty conception is likely to be false in some essential respect. Light and truth go together. But, if so, then the philosophy of life of the Nephites bears one of the marks of being true—it is crystal clear.

There is no indefiniteness about it, no obscurity, no shadow. On the contrary, it is well defined, bold and clear in its outline. Matching this clearness of vision in the Nephite mind, this penetration into the heart of things spiritual, is the steadiness of purpose with which the best of that race pursued their ideas of life's purpose. It is not the twinkling of a far-distant star, but the steady shining of the resplendent sun, unobscured by any cloud. Like a sailor in the midst of dangerous rocks, they kept their eyes fixed on the lighthouse gleam, being sure that, following it, they would safely reach the other shore.

THE SEGMENT OF THE CIRCLE

Let us see if we cannot make this larger point of view furnished by the Nephite philosophy of life a little clearer by a graphic representation. Suppose you draw a circle on a sheet of paper, and make it as large as you can. This may stand for eternity. Suppose, now, you mark off anywhere on the circle, say, a half-inch space. This may represent time. All this is pitifully inadequate, to be sure, especially the circle, which does not properly show life as a going-on; but it will answer our purpose, if we are not too critical.

What difference does it make whether we plan for that little segment or for the whole circle? All the difference in the world. In the one case, that of the segment, we shall probably have to undo much of our work, just as those who come after us may have to do with our plans for a great city or a nation, if we have not looked ahead enough to the city or the nation's long life and growth under changed conditions from those under which we are now living. In the other case, that of the wide circle, we shall very likely have to undo little of our work, because we have considered the fuller views, just as Brigham Young did when he laid out Salt Lake City, with its wide streets.

Surely a young man or a young woman can plan more intelligently if he or she takes in the whole view of life, including old age, than if only a few years of the present are kept in mind in the planning. Just so, the Nephites must have thought, one can plan better if one considers the whole of life, eternity as well as time, than if one looks only at time. Other things being equal, the longer look ahead bespeaks the greater intelligence.

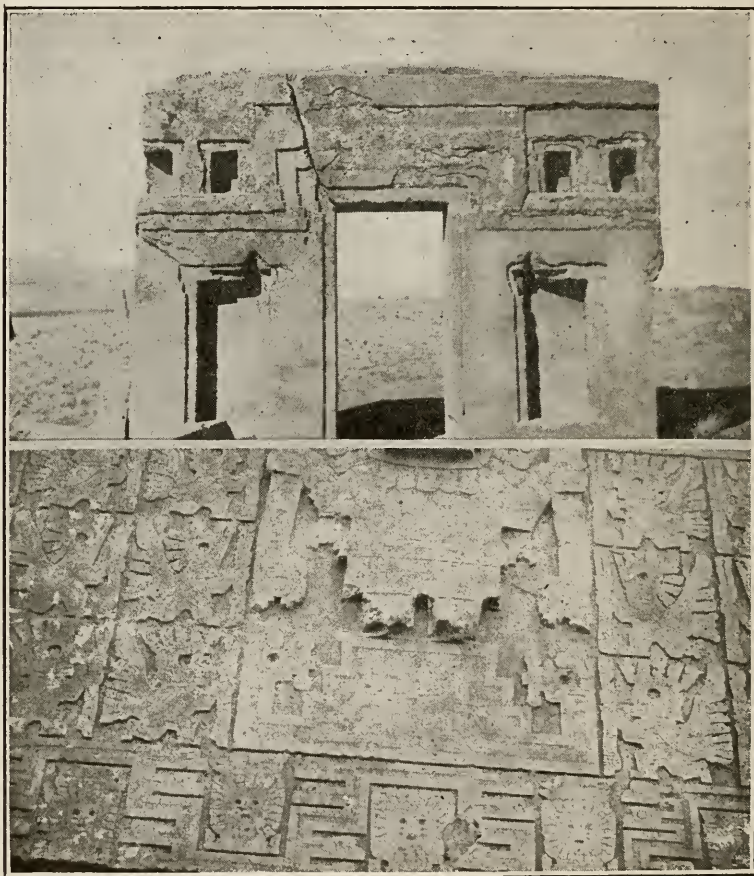
The fuller view these Nephites had, whose lives are touched upon in this book. It was their philosophy of life, their finger-post along the way to the life hereafter, the light in which they were able to plan effectively for themselves and for others who would follow their lead. And they believed in it as implicitly as they did in the things they handled with their hands or saw with their bodily eyes. Not for a moment did they allow themselves to forget it or to lay it aside. Nothing could induce them to do that—not riches, not power, not the honors of men, not even the threat of death itself, which they came to look upon as a mere incident in the life of the soul. It was a veritable living on the heights!

ANCIENT RUINS OF SOUTH AMERICA

Some External Evidences Supporting the Story of the Book of Mormon

BY MELVIN J. BALLARD, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE AND
ASSISTANT GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.

When Elder Rey L. Pratt and myself had accomplished the work for which we were sent to South America, namely, the establishment of a mission of the Church; through the kindness of the First Presi-



Top: Picture Number 1. The Stone Gate

Bottom: Inside of the Great Gate. Number 2

dency we were permitted to return through the Indian countries of South America up the west coast. This journey led us through the northern part of the Argentine where we met tens of thousands of industrious Indians intensively engaged in agricultural work, but not until we passed up over the eastern rim of the Andes mountains and came into what is known as the great Andean Plateau, a territory nearly five hundred miles long and about a hundred and fifty miles wide, with an average elevation of 12,500 feet above the sea, sur-



Hewn Monoliths Around Temple of the Sun. Number 3

rounded by ranges of the Andes mountains, did we find great numbers of South American Indians living in the same territory where their ancestors for generations before them have resided.

It will be remembered that this great plateau stretching over parts of Bolivia and Peru is very nearly under the equator, so that even at this vast elevation—it is an agricultural country, and nearly every acre of this vast territory is under cultivation in small farms, well marked by petitioned fences made of sun-dried adobes. The entire territory is cultivated by hundreds of thousands of Indians who live in small villages and larger cities, and who are scattered over all parts of this



Eastern Entrance to Portal. Number 4

territory, engaged in the raising of barley, corn, potatoes, cattle and sheep.

I wish to describe some of the ruins we visited in three different places of this great Andean Plateau. First of all at Tiahuanaco, near the shores of Lake Titicaca. These ruins are now about twelve miles distant from the Lake, but it is easy to note that in ages past they were on the shores of the Lake, which has receded. Some archaeologists claim that these ruins are the oldest in the world; however that may be, they were decidedly interesting to us, as they give some external evidences of the truthfulness of the story told in the Book of Mormon concerning the ancient inhabitants of the Americas.

I will describe three points of interest only. There are many, because this was a vast city, covering many hundreds of acres of land. The first one to attract our attention is known as the site of the Temple of the Sun. This is on a plot of ground approximately ten or twelve acres and is completely surrounded by great hewn monoliths. There are twenty-eight each on the north and south sides, with thirty-two each on the east and west. These great stones are approximately eight feet wide and two feet six inches thick by about twelve feet high, and are placed on end in the ground. They stand there, as they have stood through the ages, like sentinels about this sacred temple enclosure. The entrance to the temple on the west is through a great stone doorway. The solid stone itself is about twelve feet wide and twelve feet high and seventeen inches thick, with a doorway two feet eight by six feet cut in the center. This stone is beautifully carved on both sides.

Picture No. 1 gives you a front view of this stone gate. You will notice where lightning has cracked it, but it was originally in one solid piece.

Picture No. 2 is a close-up view of the inside of the great gate entering into the Temple of the Sun. These perfectly wonderful carvings are so strikingly Egyptian that they impressed us not only for the skill of execution but the characters and designs that tell something of the culture of the people and from what part of the world they undoubtedly came.

Picture No. 3 gives a view of the hewn monoliths around this



A striking Egyptian-like Image. Picture Number 5

Temple enclosure. Elder Pratt is seen standing by one of these huge stones.

Picture No. 4 shows the eastern entrance to the portal of the Temple of the Sun. I am standing upon the top slab of this stairway. This stone is twenty-seven feet long, eight feet wide and two feet six inches thick and composed of one solid piece.

The great temple itself is tumbled down, many of the stones have been taken in the construction of railroad culverts and hauled to other



Picture Number 6. The Amphitheater

places where they have been used, but still there are many of the huge stones yet lying on the ground where the structure stood.

One of the carved, strikingly Egyptian monoliths upon the site of the temple is shown in Picture No. 5. I am standing by the side of this striking image which was built to typify the deity that is said the ancients worshiped, the God of the Sun.

A little to the right of this temple site is a great, artificial hill covering about ten acres of ground with the earth piled up to about seventy-five feet in height in the form of a Maltese cross, with a retaining wall from the base up to the summit. The center of the great hill is a natural amphitheatre. Picture No. 6 shows this amphitheater. It is approximately three hundred feet long and two hundred feet across it. It is surrounded by hewn monoliths and provided also with stone seats that would accommodate many thousands of people, while in the center was a great playground. From this hill ran a great street about a mile to the west, along which had been erected huge stone monoliths, some of them still standing.

Picture No. 7 shows one of these wonderfully carved stones that marks the street that leads to the site of the greater of the temples at Tiahuanaco, on an opposite hill in the western part of the city.

I will merely describe the center court of four great courts of this temple. The front stone, as shown in Picture No. 8, is a huge stone twenty-five feet, eight inches long, eight feet wide, and six feet thick, of one solid piece. It has on the face of it twelve niches about a foot square and nearly a foot into the face of the stone. It is said this stone weighs a hundred and twenty tons. Immediately behind it on Picture No. 8 will be seen a huge slab fitting tightly against this stone and all of its neighbors, so perfectly even, though this stone is laid in dry masonry, that we could not insert a knife blade between them.

This stone is twenty-five feet, eight inches long and seventeen feet wide and four feet, six inches thick, and is said to weigh a hundred and seventy tons. Mammoth stones were brought many miles across Lake Titicaca from quarries that are still in existence, taken from the shore, laid in place apparently without any damage whatsoever. When we realize that man does not have the ability to move such mammoth stones today, we stand appalled at such evidences of skill and wisdom displayed by these ancient inhabitants.

In Picture No. 9 will be seen a portion of the wall of this temple. Brother Pratt is standing on top of it. You will notice two crosses, one in a perfect condition, carved on the face of the stone. This cross is five feet high and three feet wide, and stands out more than six inches from the face of the stone.

Picture No. 10 is another section of the wall showing perfect inlaid work in a square fashion, and on a stone lying immediately in front you will notice a compass. This is perfectly carved, and is seventeen inches from point to point. When we saw these symbols upon the wall of this temple, we were deeply impressed that whoever built it knew about Solomon's temple. When we read in the Book of Mormon that they builded temples after the manner of Solomon's temple, one is certainly impressed that these were the ruins of the peoples described in the Book of Mormon.

We crossed Lake Titicaca, the surface of the water being twelve thousand, five hundred feet above the sea. This journey was made in an ocean vessel. It crossed the ocean by its own power and was taken apart and conveyed up the Andes mountains and put together again. It furnishes accommodations for nearly five hundred passengers. Our journey covered a length of one hundred and twenty-five miles. All along the shore, and upon the many islands we saw the ruins of an ancient civilization, for they exist everywhere. The whole lake must have been completely surrounded with a great nation of people.

We journeyed three hundred miles north of Lake Titicaca into the northern edge of the great mountain plateau, up to the city of Cuzco, the site of the Inca Empire, and was undoubtedly also the



Number 7. Carved Stone



Top: Front Stone of the Temple. Picture Number 8

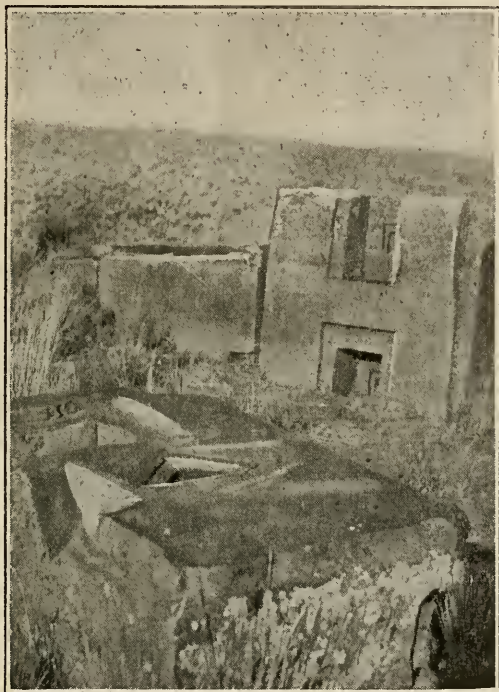
Bottom: Wall of the Temple. Number 9

site of the pre-Inca Empire. It is a marvelous city even today. Thirty thousand people live in it, principally Indians. The city is up towards the pass in the mountains which leads into the Amazon valley. Behind the city and towards this opening lies a hill, about twelve hundred feet in height. This hill is well fortified, and many of those ancient fortifications still remain. A section twelve hundred feet long is still in perfect condition.

Picture 11 shows a section of this mighty fort. The stones of various sizes, are all carved, so that no matter how many angles they may have, each stone fits its neighbor perfectly. There is not space enough to insert a knife blade between them, though they are laid in dry masonry.

As will be noted, the line of the fort diverges, going about thirty feet in one direction and then changing twenty feet in another. On

the top of each angle was a tower, and at the base of the tower a tunnel, leading back to the next fort. The walls are about twenty feet high and there are three great walls, one rising above the other, with a filling of earth behind each back about twenty feet to the next wall, and yet the stone was left protruding above the filling about four feet, that furnished a perfect barricade behind which the warriors fought. Thus the whole structure rises about sixty feet, forming a most formidable defense. The enormous size of some of these stones



Picture 10. Section of Wall

makes the work more difficult; we measured some of them and found them to be fourteen feet high, fourteen feet wide, and six feet thick.

Picture No. 12 shows one of the corners of one of these great forts. I am standing by the stone.

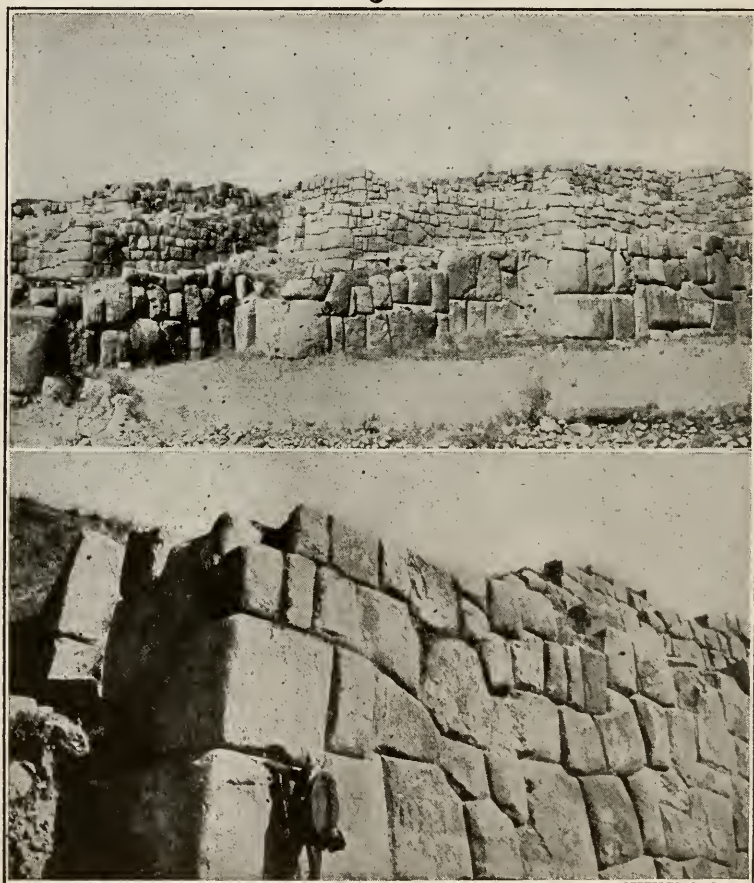
Picture No. 13 shows a cross section of this fort. Notice the space between the walls, it furnishes an opportunity for the soldiers to operate.

On the very summit of the hill were three great towers and tunnels, which led from the base of these towers, a mile long down into the heart of the city and had their exit in the palace of the emperor.

There is a Roman Catholic Church built over the entrance way

to the tunnel. It is said that some years ago three travelers passed down through this tunnel and were gone some three days, at the end of which a gentle tapping was heard under the floor of the Catholic Church. One of the travelers, greatly emaciated, emerged bearing an ear of golden corn in his hand; however, his two companions had perished in the tunnel.

Picture No. 14 gives a section of the wall of the great Palace of the Emperor. This is standing in perfect condition today. These cut stones are laid in dry masonry and are as perfect as anything that can be seen in modern times. This wall is nearly two hundred feet long and is in perfect condition, to the height of nearly twenty feet. In this city also is the Temple to the Sun, the Temple to the Moon, and the Temple to the Stars. How suggestive it was, as we saw them, of

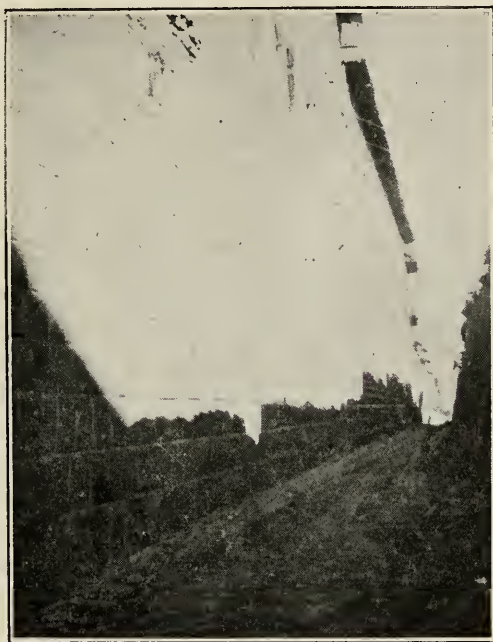


Top: Section of Fort's Fortification. Number 11
Bottom: Corner of a Great Fort. Number 12

the three degrees of glory, as described by Paul and more fully revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Picture No. 15 shows a section of the wall of the Temple to the Sun. You will notice again the perfect work of the masons. The stones are fitted together so tightly that a knife blade could not be inserted between them, though they are laid in dry masonry.

There are hundreds of other buildings in the city of Cuzco, the walls of which belong to the same period, evidence that there were two civilizations. An inferior one followed this once glorious period, as revealed in the Book of Mormon, as proof is furnished in Picture No. 16. Brother Pratt is shown in the picture pointing to the ancient wall done in that same fine fashion, huge stones that fit one an-



Section of the wall of the Emperor's Palace.
Number 14.

other perfectly; but in the front of it, at a later period, has been builded another wall, as may be seen to the left. This covers the ancient wall and the stones are of cruder type, yet are imitations of the original wall. This was done at a later period by an inferior civilization.

Passing over the eastern ridge of the Andes mountains we went down to the city of Ollantaytambo. This is another ancient city with its mighty fort and glorious temple.

Picture No. 17 shows the walls of the fort, and on the summit of it may be seen the walls of a portion of the temple.

Picture No. 18 shows a doorway and a portion of the wall of the temple. I am standing in this doorway.

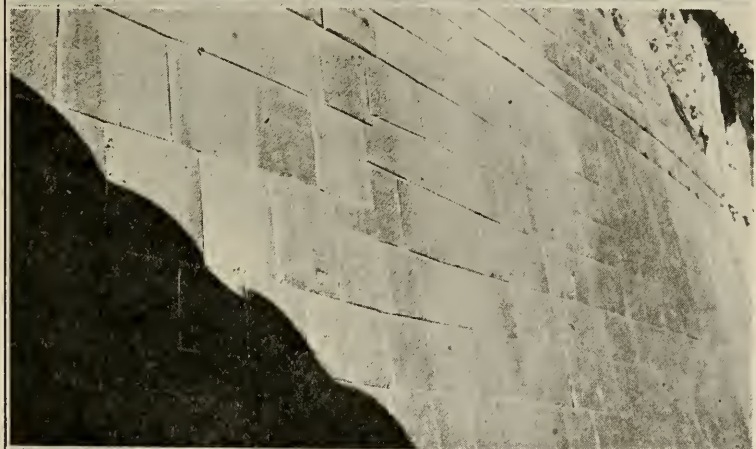
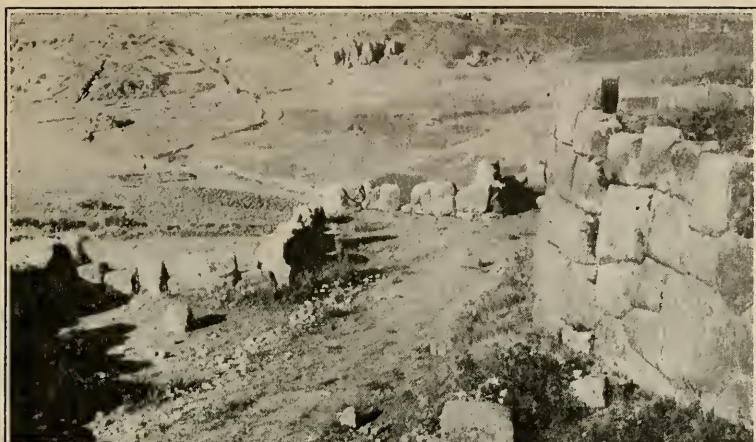
Again you will notice the fine work of the masons in the construction of this magnificent temple.

We were deeply impressed with the fact that this work was not done by crude masons, nor with stone implements. On some of the walls could be seen the evidence of steel chisels upon this stone, and of course the Book of Mormon informs us that those who built these temples were familiar with work in steel. But not until this present year was revealed, in the account given by A. Hyatt Verrill in the *World's Work*, of January, (see *Improvement Era*, Feb., 1927, pp. 311-14) the conclusive evidence that such implements were in use by the builders of ancient structures.

He found in the ruins on the west coast of Panama, some fifteen feet below the surface in a charcoal bed, a bar of steel, one end of which is entirely corroded, but the other preserved by nature in perfect condition. It is so hard that a file will scarcely touch it and it will scratch glass.

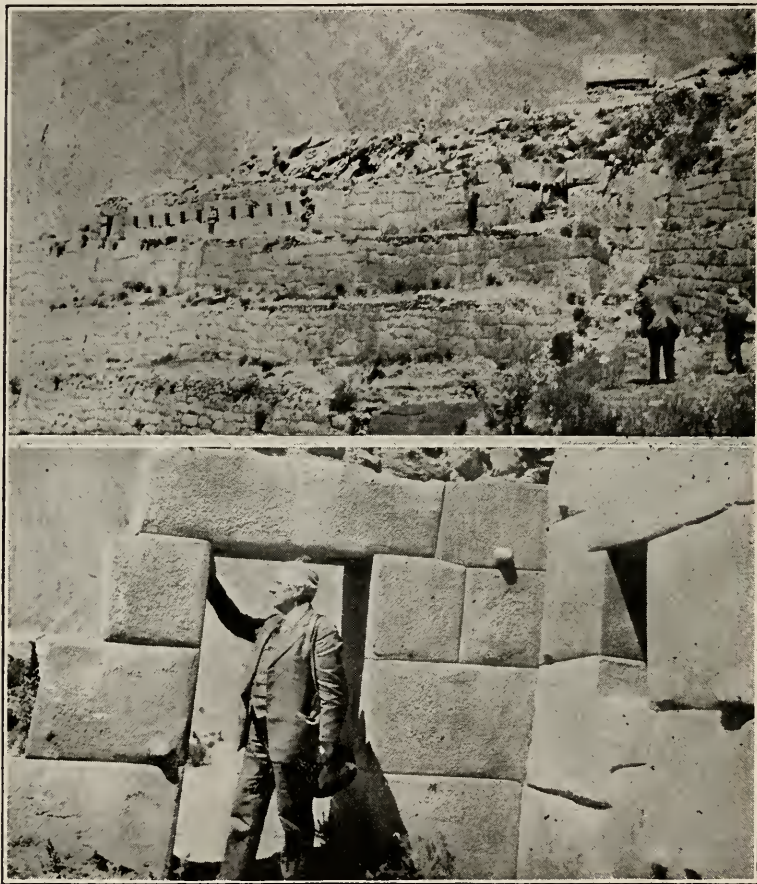
When were these temples built? Some have speculated that eight thousand years ago marks the period of this civilization. It is generally conceded, however, that the same skill is shown in the building of temples found in Central America and Mexico as those which I have described up in Peru and Bolivia, and they were no doubt built by the same people. In a book published last year, under the title of *The City of the Sacred Well*, [this book is named on the Reading Course list this year, see *Era*, July, 1927], by Mr. Willard, is given the story of our American Ambassador Mr. Thompson and his explorations at Chichen-Itza, Yucatan. Mr. Thompson describes the temples of that section and claims to have so fully deciphered the dates upon the stones of the entrances of these temples that he gives the year 113 B. C. as the date that appears over the entrance way to one of these temples, and another date, 47 after Christ, and another, 160 A. D. If he is correct, he is contributing very much to settle a disputed question, and if his figures are at all accurate, they point to a period that would correspond very nearly with that in which the Book of Mormon describes the building of these temples and the period of their glorious civilization.

In the museum at Lima, Peru, Brother Pratt and myself saw in a show case armsful of golden vessels that were taken out of these ancient ruins, and in one case we saw sheets of gold about eight inches long by seven inches wide and very thin, thinner than tin. The stack was about an inch thick. There were no inscriptions upon them, but they were nearly like the plates Joseph Smith describes having been delivered to him a hundred years ago upon which were inscribed in Egyptian characters the story of these ancients. When one realizes that they had gold in abundance, that they knew how to work it, they knew that it would not tarnish, they had the skill to write, not



Top: Cross section of a fort. Number 13. Center: Section of wall, Temple to the Sun. Number 15. Bottom: Evidence of two civilizations. Number 16.

only on soft gold, but they wrote also in hard stone, one is led to believe the reasonableness of Joseph Smith's story that the records were made upon gold plates of which they had an abundance, and upon which they had the ability to write. It was our privilege to meet hundreds of bright, intelligent Indians, and there are millions



Top: Walls of Fort and Temple. Number 17.

Below: Doorway and wall of Temple. Number 18.

of them living in this South American country. Conversing with them, we found that they are capable of comprehending and understanding the gospel message, and it was our great privilege also to bring to them for the first time the history of their forefathers. We left many copies of the Book of Mormon. While we saw them in a state of semi-slavery, the Indians are nevertheless the most industrious and hard-working people I have ever seen. They do not enjoy political liberty, because only those who can read and write may vote; and,

while Indians are the majority in this section, there are no schools for them in which to learn to read and write, and therefore they are really disfranchised.* But we had great joy in the contemplation of the future redemption of these descendants of father Lehi. For the promise is made that after the record of their father has come to them, not many generations shall pass away until they shall become a white and delightsome people. It is our fond hope that the way may soon be opened that missionaries will be able to be supplied to enter into this land. We have already had some missionary work done there. Elder James Vernon Sharp, who has just returned from a South American mission, labored several months among the Indians of this country and reports splendid opportunities for missionary work to be carried forward.

Brother Pratt and myself called upon government officials in all of these nations and secured from them assurance that our missionaries would be welcome, so that we are looking forward to the dawn of a better day. We have in trust the sacred volume, the Book of Mormon, for these descendants of father Lehi; and there are approximately twenty-five millions of them in South America awaiting deliverance from the thralldom and bondage of sin and transgression. May God grant that such a day may speedily come, that the full realization of all those precious promises may be brought to them. When that day does arrive evidences will be furnished that will overwhelm even the skeptic, and prove beyond all question of doubt that the Book of Mormon is a true story of the ancient inhabitants of the American continent.

*An Associated Press dispatch from Le Paz, Bolivia, Aug. 12, 1927, reports:

Armed with clubs and slingshots, 80,000 descendants of the ancient Inca Indians are on the warpath in the departments of Potosi, Cochobomba and Sucre, slaying whites, burning farm-houses and endeavoring to destroy every vestige of the white man's civilization.

It is expected that the movement will be stamped out, although perhaps not before many lives have been sacrificed.

The present warfare recalls the time of the Spanish conquest, when San Francisco Pizarro, with a handful of intrepid followers, imprisoned and later slew the great Inca Chief Atahualpa and brought the Inca empire under subjection.

After the Spanish invasion the Inca tribes were reduced to the status of perhaps the humblest people on earth, and today their descendants live in a wretched state.

Approximately 70 per cent of Bolivia's population is made up of these Indians, a large part of whom devote their lives to serving the remaining 30 per cent.

The sudden return of the fighting spirit to the Indians is believed to be due to dissatisfaction over the division of land. The Indians have taken to the warpath garbed in quaint red blankets, peculiar cloth ear-coverings, and funny little hats, cocked atop the forepart of their heads. The women, with babies carried on their backs by means of blankets slung about the neck, follow the warriors on their trail of rampage.—Ed.

SUGGESTED KEY TO BOOK OF MORMON GEOGRAPHY

BY J. M. SJODAHL

The main key to Book of Mormon geography is Alma 22:27-34. That passage was penned for the special purpose of furnishing important information on that subject, as far as knowledge concerning countries, rivers, cities, etc., can be conveyed without drawings or maps.

Difficult to Understand

There is, perhaps, no passage in the Book of Mormon more difficult to read understandingly. Judging from my own experience, I have no doubt that many have perused it again and again without being able to form a clear conception of the picture presented.

In this particular the description resembles somewhat the accounts by the Icelandic historians concerning the voyages of the Northmen to America in the tenth and eleventh centuries. They tell us, for instance, that Leif Erickson sailed from Brattahlid and on his southward course found a stony coast which he called Helluland; then, that after having sailed in the same direction for some time, he struck a wooded coast which he named Markland; then, that, after having traveled for more than two days for a stiff northeaster, he came to a river which he found issuing from a lake, and there he anchored and called the country Vinland; but what information does all this convey to the average reader? To be sure, our learned men, tell us that Helluland was either Labrador or the northern coast of Newfoundland, and that Vinland was in the latitude of Boston, probably; but after all is said, there is still room for surmise and discussion. It is very much the same with the geographical notes in the Book of Mormon.

Nor is it easy to see how it could be otherwise in the case of any very ancient record. No contemporary of Leif Erickson could have drawn a map intelligible to modern readers. Geographers at that time had ideas of the form of the earth, entirely different to ours. They divided the globe into three parts, Asia, Europe, and Africa. Of America they knew next to nothing. Asia, they thought, was "the middle" of the earth. They describe Africa as extending from southwest to west and northwest," and Europe from "west and northwest to northeast." They included Greenland in their Europe, and believed that the (American) coastland, which they had discovered, was part of Africa;* just as Columbus and the discoverers who followed in his wake, until the fateful voyage of Magellan in 1519; considered

*Joshua Foulmin Smith, *Discovery of America by the Northmen*, pp. 335-8.

the American coast as a part of Asia. Maps made at that time would, naturally, have reflected their erroneous ideas and been of little use to the common reader of our day.

A Maya Map

Maps made at the time of Alma would, possibly, have been still more unintelligible to us. To illustrate: Dr. Augustus le Plongeon* tells us that the old Maya empire is drawn, in the Troano manuscript, as a tree, the trunk of which, representing Central America, springs out of a calabash, meaning "the south," and has a single branch, representing Yucatan, while the Caribbean sea appears as an animal resembling a deer. Such was, if the learned doctor is not mistaken, a very ancient American map. If similar drawings had appeared in the Book of Mormon, they would have been of little help to us.

A Well Known Theory

The best known theory concerning the geography of the Book of Mormon is that represented by the late Elder George Reynolds in his *Story of the Book of Mormon*.

According to this theory, which, however, Mr. Reynolds characterizes as a supposition, merely, the Jaredites went in a northerly direction from the Valley of Nimrod as far as the Caspian Sea, which they crossed; then, turning eastward, they journeyed along the Central Asia plateau; thence to the Pacific seaboard, most probably on the coast of China. Elder Reynolds does not state this as a proved fact. All that is actually revealed is that their journey was a long one, beyond the limits of the then inhabited world, to the coast of a sea that "divides the lands." Here they remained for a period of four years, at a place which they called Moriancumer, possibly after their leader, the Brother of Jared. Finally they crossed the Ocean. The voyage lasted 344 days. "It is generally understood," Elder Reynolds points out, "that the place where they landed was south of the Gulf of California, north of the Isthmus of Panama." After a history of about sixteen hundred years, the Jaredites were all slain at the battle of Ramah, later called Cumorah, in the state of New York, except the king, Coriantumr, and the prophet-historian, Ether.

According to the same theory, Lehi and his little flock journeyed across the peninsula of Arabia to its eastern coast. The land by the sea they called "Bountiful" because it was rich in fruit and wild honey. The sea was named by them "Irreantum," which is said to mean "many waters." Here they built a ship, in compliance with divine instructions. When it was finished, and the provisions were taken on board, they embarked and crossed the Indian Ocean and the Pacific Ocean, and after an eventful voyage they landed at a point near where the city of Valparaiso now is situated, in Chile. From

**Queen Moo*, p. XLII.

here they gradually spread northward; and after a history extending over almost a thousand years, the Nephites were exterminated at the hill Cumorah, in the State of New York.

According to the same theory, the attendants who had charge of the young prince of Judah, Mulek, the son of Zedekiah, were brought across the great waters and landed in the southern portion of North America. Here they remained for some years, and then they went southward to the place where they were discovered by Mosiah and his followers, about 200 years before our era.

To those who hold this theory, the entire North America is, in the Book of Mormon, called "Mulek", because the Lord brought Mulek into that land. South America is, for a similar reason, called "Lehi," because this great colonist landed there. Zarahemla, where Mosiah found the Mulekites, is located in the northern part of South America, as one grand division of the Land of Lehi, the Land of Nephi being the other.

This Theory Modified

According to Elder Joel Ricks, who has published a "Helps to the Study of the Book of Mormon," the Jaredites, coming from Babel about 2,200 years before our era, landed on the west coast of Central America and established themselves in Honduras, where they built their capital. From there they spread out over all Central America, Mexico, and the greater portion of what is now the United States.

According to Elder Ricks, the colony of Lehi landed on the western coast of South America, in northern Chile, and built up the civilizations in the high valleys of the Andes. About 200 years B. C., Nephites moved from the districts about Quito into the valleys opening to the Caribbean, where they came upon the Mulekites, with whom they amalgamated and founded the kingdom of Zarahemla. Five hundred years later they pushed northward and gradually filled Central America, Mexico, and the greater portion of what is now the United States.

The Mulekite colony landed on the northern coast of South America, near the mouth of the Magdalena river. They occupied the entire valley and the plains westward toward the Isthmus, and here they were joined by the Nephites under Mosiah. According to Elder Ricks, who has carefully studied the subject and brought out many valuable facts relating to it, there was a time when the entire region, from Lake Titicaca in South America to the Great Lakes in North America, was occupied by one common people. The Jaredites and the Nephites, naturally, occupied the same lands at different times, and the Nephites took possession of and inhabited many of the cities which the Jaredites had abandoned.

Elder Ricks has the advantage of having personally explored some of the ruins from the ancient civilization of our continents and studied the topography of the localities about which he writes.

The Central American Theory

A theory, of more recent date, holds that the geographical scene of the history of the Book of Mormon is confined to a comparatively small area of Central America, viz., Guatemala, British Honduras, part of Yucatan, and Salvador. In this area, it is thought, the Jaredites, the Mulekites and the followers of Lehi, all established their first colonies, and from there, in due course of time, they spread out north and south, and peopled the American continents. But in the Book of Mormon, it is further thought, only the history of the original area has been preserved.

According to this theory, which has been forcefully advocated by Colonel Willard Young, after years of study of the Book of Mormon and standard works on American archaeology, the Jaredites, in their barges, came through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, crossed the Atlantic, and, finally, landed on the east coast of Central America, in the Bay of Honduras.

All of the lands and cities mentioned in the Book of Ether are, Colonel Young holds, located in Honduras and Guatemala—mostly in Guatemala. The land of Moron is in the upper valley of the Copan River, in Honduras and Guatemala. The land of Corihor is in the valley of the Motagua River around the city of Quirigua. The land of Akish is the land around the city of Jalapa. The land of Desolation is the lower valley of the Motagua River. The hill Shim is between Jalapa and Chiquimula. The place where the sea divides the land is the western end of the Gulf of Honduras between British Honduras and the east end of Guatemala. The land south is Honduras south of the Gulf of Honduras. The land north is Guatemala and British Honduras. The narrow neck of land is the small peninsula running northwest at the extreme eastern end of Guatemala. The hill Ramah is the hill between the cities of Chiquimula and Jocatan.

Lehi and his colony, according to Colonel Young, left the Gulf of Persia and crossed the Indian and the Pacific Oceans and landed on the shore of Salvador in Central America. The land of Nephi is the upper valley of the Humuya River in Honduras. The land of Zarahemla is on the west side of the Ulua River in Honduras. The land southward is Honduras, San Salvador and Nicaragua. The land northward is Guatemala, British Honduras, Yucatan and Chiapas.

The narrow pass leading from the land southward into the land northward is the narrow strip of land between the Omoa Mountains and the Gulf of Honduras. The hill Cumorah (Ramah) is between the cities of Jocatan and Chiquimula in Guatemala. The River Sidon is the Ulua River. The land Bountiful is on both sides of the Ulua River near the Gulf of Honduras.

Mulek and his colony, Colonel Young believes, came out of the Mediterranean Sea, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and landed on the northern shore of Honduras near the mouth of the Ulua River.

The city of Zarahemla is at or near the present city of San Pedro Sula.

Still another Theory

Elder Stuart Bagley, who also has studied the subject thoroughly, agrees in some particulars with Colonel Young. In others he takes a different view.

The City of Nephi he finds at Uxmal, and Zarahemla about 300 miles south of this place. The Usumacinta river is Sidon, Bountiful is Chiapas, "The narrow neck" is Tehuantepec, and Desolation is north of this isthmus and includes Mexico north and west of high divide.

Difficult, but not Impossible

In view of the many differing opinions concerning this subject, an endeavor to find the correct one might be thought fruitless. But it should not be, since the divine promise, "Seek, and ye shall find", never fails. But in the search for truth, it often happens that preconceived ideas must be given up. We may have to sell all we have in order to obtain one pearl of great price.

Material for a Theory

In trying to form a consistent theory on Book of Mormon geography, we have as material, in the first place, the statements in the Book itself. These are the foundation and the substance. Nothing that contradicts any of them can be admitted.

Then we have certain statements concerning the subject, which can be traced back to some of the first leaders of the Church, who were the associates of the Prophet Joseph himself, and these cannot be set aside lightly, even if they are regarded as mere individual opinions; for even an opinion on a Book of Mormon question, expressed by one who, undoubtedly, had it from the Prophet himself, must be of more weight than, for instance, my opinion, if it differs from theirs. This is, I suppose, a self-evident proposition.

I refer now especially to the positive statements by Frederick G. Williams, and Orson Pratt concerning the landing of Lehi south of the Isthmus of Darien, and the just as positive assertion in the *Times and Seasons*, which was edited by the Prophet Joseph, to the effect that the city of Zarahemla stood in Central America, where also the boundary line between Bountiful and Desolation was drawn. (*Times and Seasons*, Oct. 1, 1842). Such statements, it seems to me, cannot consistently be set aside for the sake of a theory.

In the third place, we have now a great amount of archaeological and ethnological material concerning the American Indians, who are the descendants of the Jaredites, the Nephites, the Lamanites and the Mulekites. Much of this material is as yet only theoretical, but some must be accepted as solid facts, and our theories concerning the geography of the Book of Mormon must have room for such facts. For

truth is truth, wherever found, and, while it is true that the Book of Mormon furnishes the solution of many problems that puzzle archaeologists, it is equally true, that archaeology helps us to understand some obscure passages in the Book of Mormon.

The Important Question

If this is admitted, the question arises: Is it possible to form a theory in which all this material can be united? I believe it is.

Let me explain, however, that I may not have been able to form this theory. Others may find flaws in my reasoning, which I, myself, do not happen to see. The key here offered is, therefore, by way of suggestion rather than assertion. But even a suggestion may have its value.

The Key Word

The passage, which may be called key word to the whole subject is as follows:

"And it came to pass that the king sent a proclamation throughout all the land, amongst all his people who were in all his land, who were in all the regions round about, which was bordering even to the sea, on the east and on the west, and which was divided from the land of Zarahemla by a narrow strip of wilderness, which ran from the sea east even to the sea west, and round about on the borders of the seashore, and the borders of the wilderness which was on the north by the land of Zarahemla, through the borders of Manti, by the head of the river Sidon, running from the east towards the west—and thus were the Lamanites and the Nephites divided.

"Now, the more idle part of the Lamanites lived in the wilderness, and dwelt in tents; and they were spread through the wilderness on the west, in the land of Nephi; yea, and also on the west of the land of Zarahemla, in the borders by the seashore, and on the west in the land of Nephi, in the place of their father's first inheritance, and thus bordering along by the seashore.

"And also there were many Lamanites on the east by the seashore, whither the Nephites had driven them. And thus the Nephites were nearly surrounded by the Lamanites; nevertheless the Nephites had taken possession of all the northern parts of the land bordering on the wilderness, at the head of the river Sidon, from the east to the west, round about on the wilderness side; on the north, even until they came to the land which they called Bountiful.

"And it bordered upon the land which they called Desolation, it being so far northward that it came into the land which had been peopled and been destroyed, of whose bones we have spoken, which was discovered by the people of Zarahemla, it being the place of their first landing.

"And they came from there up into the south wilderness. Thus the land on the northward was called Desolation, and the land on the southward was called Bountiful, it being the wilderness which is filled with all manner of wild animals of every kind, a part of which had come from the land northward for food.

"And now, it was only the distance of a day and a half's journey for a Nephite, on the line Bountiful and the land Desolation, from the east to the west sea; and thus the land of Nephi and the land of Zarahemla were nearly surrounded by water, there being a small neck of land between the land northward and the land southward.

"And it came to pass, that the Nephites had inhabited the land Bountiful, even from the east unto the west sea, and thus the Nephites in their wisdom,

with their guards and their armies, had hemmed in the Lamanites on the south, that thereby they should have no more possession on the north, that they might not overrun the land northward.

"Therefore the Lamanites could have no more possessions only in the land of Nephi, and the wilderness round about. Now this was wisdom in the Nephites—as the Lamanites were an enemy to them, they would not suffer their afflictions on every hand, and also that they might have a country whither they might flee, according to their desires."

This is, as has already been admitted, very difficult to read understandingly and yet it is less puzzling than the place in Genesis where the inspired writer evidently gives the location of the garden of Eden, by mentioning the four rivers, Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates.

The following are some of the outstanding features of Alma 22:27-34.

The Land of Nephi

There are two lands of Nephi. Both are mentioned in verse 28. One is "the place of their father's first inheritance." This is also called Lehi-Nephi (Mosiah 7:1), or, as we should say, Nephi in the land of Lehi. The other is Nephi in the land of Bountiful, which the Nephites had colonized (v. 33) even "from the east"—the eastern boundary—"unto the West Sea," and which, on that account was called the land of Nephi, on the same principle that parts of America have been called "New England," "New Spain," "Nova Scotia," etc. The Nephites were anxious to retain in remembrance the name of their great ancestor (2 Nephi 5:8), and to them, therefore, wherever Nephites settled was "the Land of Nephi."

Concerning the Land of Nephi, in Lehi, we read (v. 27):

(1) It was bordering "even to the sea, on the east and on the west." It must have had a coast line on both the Atlantic and the Pacific side, possibly on the Gulf of Darien on the east and the Gulf of Panama on the west.

(2) It was divided from the land of Zarahemla by a "narrow strip of wilderness," (v. 27). This "wilderness," as we learn from verse 31, was Bountiful. This is not conjecture. The text says clearly: "It [Bountiful] being the wilderness which is filled with all manner of wild animals." The land of Nephi, then, in Lehi, was separated from Zarahemla, not by the entire country Bountiful but, by a "narrow strip" of it. Now we read on:

(3) (This narrow strip) "ran from the sea east even to the sea west and round about on the borders of the sea shore, and the borders of the wilderness which was on the north by the land of Zarahemla, through the borders of Manti, by the head of the river Sidon, running from the east towards the west."

That is to say, as I read it, the "wilderness" or the narrow strip began on the border of Lehi-Nephi (from the sea east even to the

sea west) and then ran round about the sea shore (on the narrow strip), and then continued clear up to the borders of the wilderness which was north by the land of Zarahemla, through Manti by the head of the river Sidon. "And thus," the text says, "were the Lamanites and Nephites divided," referring to the Nephites who had come to Zarahemla and the others who had colonized the southern part of Bountiful (v. 33). They were literally separated, by the narrow isthmus that connects South America with Central America, from the bulk of the Lamanites in South America.

This is perfectly intelligible if we understand that the land Bountiful was Central America, between the Isthmus of Darien and Tehuantepec, as the article in the *Times and Seasons* seems to imply.

Bountiful

We have already seen that this country was called "the wilderness" (Alma 2:31; comp. Alma 2:36, 37). Its eastern extremity was the "narrow strip of wilderness," which adjoined the land of Leho-Nephi. On the opposite extremity—

(1) It "bordered upon the land which they called Desolation," the land on the northward, and was, therefore, in reference to the land Desolation, the land on the southward. (v. 31.)

(2) The boundary line between the two countries, Desolation and Bountiful, was drawn from some point east to the West sea and is said to have been "only the distance of a day and a half's journey for a Nephite."

Just how long this distance in modern measurement was we have no means of knowing. The Peruvians, and also the Mexicans, had trained couriers. Those of Peru, it is claimed, were able to convey messages from Cuzco to Lima, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, in three days, or two hundred miles in a day and a half. But that result was obtained by relay runners. Each *chasqui*, or courier, ran a league and a half and then passed the message on to one who was waiting. It is not impossible that the Nephites had some such institution, and that a day's journey was the regular distance covered by such messengers. Be this as it may, the probability is that the isthmus Tehuantepec is indicated as the point where the boundary line between Desolation and Bountiful was drawn.

That isthmus, from the bay of Campeche to Tehuantepec, is only about 125 miles in width. The distance could easily be covered by couriers in the time mentioned. If, on the other hand, the Nephites measured distances in "hours," as some modern peoples do, and if about three and a half miles made an "hour," then 36 hours would represent 126 miles.

(3) The land Bountiful, or, as it is also called, "The Land of Nephi and the Land of Zarahemla," lying side by side, Nephi on the Pacific and Zarahemla on the Atlantic (Alma 50:7, 8), was "nearly surrounded by water;" Tehuantepec being at one extremity and "a small neck of land between the land northward and the land south-

ward" on the other (v. 32). The context seems to require this interpretation, since the intention of the author is to show that the two countries, Zarahemla and Nephi, exclusive of Desolation in the north and Lehi-Nephi in the south, formed, very nearly, an island.

Curiously enough, the Indians, at the time of the advent of Columbus, still called the isthmus of Darien the "narrow place." As he was proceeding southward along the Mosquito coast, he heard of the Pacific ocean, and was told by the Indians that if he continued his course, he would soon come to a "narrow place" between the two seas. They were not ignorant of the geography of their country.

(4) The geographical configuration of the American continent explains what follows in the Book of Alma. The Nephites, we are told, had hemmed in the Lamanites on the south, to prevent them from overrunning the land northward, or to cut off the natural retreat of the Nephites, if defeated, into the land Desolation. (vv. 33, 34.)

The Narrow Pass

A ridge of hills, rising to a height of 730 feet, bends in a semi-circle around the bay of Tehuantepec, in places approaching the coast to within 15 or 20 miles. On the northern side of these hills there are plains containing rich alluvial soil, well watered. On the southern side there is a narrow belt of lowlands traversed by a few small rivers. The ridge is broken by the Chivela pass, which leads from the north to the south, or vice versa. If my conclusions are correct, the "narrow pass" where the people of Morianton were intercepted in their northward trek (Alma 50:34) must be looked for in this region. Here also Teancum, by order of Moroni, constructed fortifications against the Lamanites (Alma 52:9). Here, again, Moroniah, when the Lamanites had taken possession of Zarahemla, raised a line of fortifications the length of which was "a day's journey for a Nephite." Here, about 350 A. D., the boundary line between Nephites and Lamanites was drawn by mutual agreement (Mormon 2:28, 29), and here the Nephites began preparations for the final struggle (Mormon 3:5). It was here that Hagoth built his ships (Alma 63:5) possibly at the mouth of the Tehuantepec river, about 55, B. C.

Zarahemla

Concerning this country, which occupies one of the most prominent positions in Book of Mormon history, the following information is given:

(1) It was situated "southward" in relation to the lands of the Jaredites (Ether 9:31).

(2) It was colonized by the Mulekites, who came from Jerusalem (Omni 15; Hel. 6:10; 8:21), and landed in the country called Desolation (Alma 22:30), or Mulek (Hel. 6:10), whence they proceeded "up into the south wilderness," known as Bountiful (Alma 22:31).

(3) It was divided from the land of Nephi in Lehi by a narrow strip of wilderness (Panama?), but, together with the land of Nephi in Bountiful it formed almost an island (Alma 22:32).

(4) It was also separated from the land of Nephi in Bountiful by a strip of wilderness running "west and north beyond the borders of the land" (Alma 2:36, 37; 22:27).

(5) It was discovered by Mosiah (Omni 12, 13), and his advent in Zarahemla marks an epoch in Book of Mormon history, for from that time the main scenes of the great drama are laid in, as I believe, Central and North America, instead of the southern continent.

(6) It was north of the colonies founded by the Lamanites in the land of Nephi in Bountiful, for Móróni drove them out of the eastern part of the land of Nephi into their own lands, south of Zarahemla, and this land of Nephi "did run in a straight course from the east sea to the west" (Alma 50:7, 8).

(7) He then fortified the line between Lamanites and Nephites, the former occupying the land of Nephi and the latter Zarahemla, building forts all the way from the West sea (Alma 50:11), possibly as far as the lakes Managua and Nicaragua, which, with the San Juan river might form a natural obstacle to the progress of invading hordes.

(8) In the year 17 A. D. the northern extremity of Zarahemla and Bountiful, near the boundary line of Desolation, was appointed, by Lachoneus, to be a gathering place for a determined defense against the Lamanites, who were constantly crowding the Nephites northward. For many years the opposing forces fought with varying success, until the year 26 A. D., when peace was established and the Nephites returned to their own lands (3 Nephi 6:1-3).

"The Country of the King" Surrounded by Water

Finally, it should be added, for what it is worth, that in the Troano manuscript there is a remarkable glyph, which Dr. Augustus le Plongéon* says, if read phonetically, means "The Country of the King, Surrounded by Water." The upper circle, he informs us, stands for *Ahau*, "king," and the lower, for a country in the water; while the feather, the symbol of royalty, indicates that that is the name of the country. And this "Country of the King, surrounded by Water" is, he tells us, the old Maya domain in Central America. But, from the Book of Mormon we know that Zarahemla was founded by followers of Mulek, the scion of the royal house of Judah. It was, therefore, preeminently "the country of the king." It was also, as we have seen, "nearly surrounded by water." It appears, then, that we have, in the Book of Mormon, a geographical name identical with one in the Troano manuscript, and the inference is natural that both stand for the same portion of Central America, or very nearly so.

From some passages in the Book of Mormon we gather that

*"Queen Moo, Introduction, p. XLV.

Nephi, in Lehi, was separated from Zarahemla by a considerable distance. Limhi's expedition was "lost in the wilderness" and missed the country entirely (Mosiah 21:25), which could hardly have happened on a short distance. The expedition of Mosiah, consisting of sixteen strong men, wandered forty days in the wilderness, after they had left the land of Zarahemla, and then they reached Shilon, in Lehi-Nephi (Mosiah 7:4; comp. Alma 17:9).

Just how long distance sixteen strong men would cover in forty days is a matter of conjecture. The following from a sermon by Brigham Young may be of interest in this connection:

"The longest journey on foot I ever took at one time was in the year 1834, when a company of the brethren went up to Missouri. * * * We performed a journey of 2,000 miles on foot. We started on the 5th of May and accomplished that journey inside of three months, carrying our guns on our shoulders, doing our own cooking, etc. * * * Much of the way we had to drag our baggage wagons through mud holes and bad sections of the road. Twenty to thirty men would take hold and draw a wagon up a hill, or through a mud hole, and it was seldom that I laid myself down to rest until 11 or 12 o'clock at night. * * * If we laid by a day or a half day, we generally calculated to make the travel average twenty* miles a day. We spent considerable time in waiting upon the sick; and some days and nights the brethren who were able, were standing over the sick and dying, and burying the dead; we buried eighteen of the company. Notwithstanding all this, inside of three months we walked about two thousand miles."—*Jour of Dis.*, vol. 4, pp. 92 and 102.

At that rate the expedition of Mosiah should have covered a distance of about 888 miles in forty days.

Sidon

(1) The river Sidon ran *by* the land of Zarahemla (Alma 2:15), an expression which seems to indicate that its course was near a border rather than in the center of the country. The valley of Gideon was on the east bank and the city of Zarahemla on the west. (Alma 6:7; 2:2, 27.) The land of Manti was south of Gideon. (Alma 16:6; 22:27.) Through the borders of Manti ran the narrow strip of wilderness or barren hills that separated Zarahemla from the land of Nephi along the entire length of the two countries, from east to west. The land of Minon was above the land of Zarahemla, "in the course of the land of Nephi" (Alma 2:24); that is to say, in the mountains to the south of Zarahemla.

(2) A tremendous battle was fought on the banks of Sidon, about 75 B. C. between Nephites under Moroni, and Lamanites under Zarahemnah (Alma 43:16-34).

(3) Three years later, Moroni cut off all the strongholds of the Lamanites in the western end of the wilderness by a line of fortifications between Zarahemla and the land of Nephi (in Bountiful), "from the west sea, running by the head of the river Sidon." (Alma 50:11.)

*The text has 40 miles, but that must be a typographical error. Two thousand miles in 90 days is an average of 22 miles and a fraction a day.

(4) Here, in the year 322, A. D., the final struggle between Nephites and Lamanites began (Mormon 1:10).

From all this it appears to me that we must identify Zarahemla with the ancient Maya "empire" of which Mr. Bancroft* says:

"Throughout several centuries preceding the Christian era, and perhaps one or two centuries following, there flourished in Central America the great Maya empire of the Chanes, Culhuas, or Serpents, known to its foes as Xibalba, with its center in Chiapas at or near Palenque, and with several allied capitals in the surrounding region."

If this conclusion is correct, the land of Zarahemla occupied the Atlantic slope of Central America, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Mosquito coast on the Caribbean Gulf. The city of Zarahemla was about where the ruins of Palenque are found, and the immediate region around the city was also known as Zarahemla. The river Sidon may then be identified with the Usumacinta river.

The immense distances are no obstacle to the acceptance of this view, for it is known that the so-called Maya "empire" at one time "extended over the greater part of Central America.**

The domain of the Incas, Nadaillac estimates at 3,000 miles by 400,† with a population of eight million souls. And of the mound builders of North America he says, to prove that they had a widely extended commerce: "Beneath the same mounds we find the copper of Lake Superior, the mica of the Alleghanies, the obsidian of Mexico, and the pearls and shells of the Gulf."‡ The entire distance between Tehuantepec and South America is about 1500 miles. If travelers could make about 900 miles in forty days, they could certainly make an occasional trip across the narrow strip that separated their country from the land of Nephi, in Lehi.

Nephites, Lamanites, Jaredites

The suggestions here offered assume that Lehi landed in South America some distance south of the Isthmus and that he proceeded to the Titicaca basin, in Bolivia, and the valley of Cuzco, in Peru, where he died.

Shortly afterwards, Nephi and his faithful followers separated themselves from their brethren and, after having journeyed "in the wilderness for the space of many days," established themselves first in Ecuador, and then colonized the lofty table lands of Colombia, in what they called the Land of Nephi. (2 Nephi 6:2-9).

For some time they lived in peace here, but as the years passed, both they and the Lamanites multiplied and were scattered "upon much of the face of the land," (Jarom 5-8), and whenever the two factions came in contact with each other conflicts arose. At first the Nephites

**Native Races*, vol. 5, p 231.

**Nadaillac, *Pre-Historic America*, p. 263.

†Nadaillac, *Pre-Historical America*, p. 388.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 183.

defended themselves successfully, but the outcome was that many of them perished. (Omni 5.)

Some time between the years 279 and 130 B. C., Mosiah, with a considerable following, emigrated from the Land of Nephi, and, after a long journey through the wilderness—the isthmus of Panama—reached the land of Zarahemla (Omni 13-15).

Other Nephites followed a somewhat different route and founded settlements on the Pacific side of Central America. This part of the promised land was known as Bountiful (Alma 22:33), but when the Nephites settled there they called their settlements the Land of Nephi, as they had named their country in their father's first inheritance in South America. (Alma 22:28).

A number of Lamanites also went into Central America. They were "the more idle part" of them. These led a nomadic life, probably pitching their tents in the mountain valleys (Alma 22:28, 29). As soon as the Lamanites in Central America were strong enough, numerically, the old struggle began again, and the Nephites were gradually driven northward.

Many Lamanites and Nephites must have remained in South America and Central America while the struggle raged in the northern continent. Concerning their history, no record is preserved in the Book of Mormon. After the massacre around Cumorah many of the conquerors and survivors, without doubt, gradually worked their way southward towards the lands of their fathers. Nothing is said in the Book of Mormon of their exploits, except that they continued to war among themselves (Mormon 8:6-10) until the whole face of the land was one continual round of murder and bloodshed, causing a state of savagery, ignorance, and error. The Book of Mormon record closes in the year 421 A. D., or thereabouts. The history of the vast multitudes not directly included in the Book of Mormon record, though contemporary with the compilers of that volume, as well as the history of the millions who lived on the American continents after the close of the Book of Mormon record until the Spanish conquest, must be read in the mounds and cliff dwellings, the ruined pueblos, temples, and forts, and other remains of past civilizations that are found all over the American continents, and in the traditions that have been preserved.

All Indians Are Not the Descendants of Lehi

Students of the Book of Mormon should be cautioned against the error of supposing that all the American Indians are the descendants of Lehi, Mulek, and their companions, and that their languages and dialects, their social organizations, religious conceptions and practices, traditions, etc., are all traceable to those Hebrew sources.

Because the Jaredite record is very brief we are apt to forget that it embraces many centuries—how many, we have no means of ascertaining—and that it gives an epitome principally of the history of

Moron, where the Jaredites first established themselves. It stands to reason that the Jaredites gradually settled in favorable localities all over the American continents, and that both Nephites and Lamanites came in contact with them, and that an amalgamation took place everywhere as in the case of the Nephites and Mulekites in Zarahemla. If so, the Jaredite culture must have become a factor in the development of the institutions and languages of the country. But the Jaredites came from some center of population in Asia. Their language and culture were different from that of Lehi and Mulek. Their speech was probably closely related to the Aryan. And the impress they made upon the culture of the later arrivals has never been entirely effaced.

It has been asserted,* for instance, that the Mexican language, commonly called Nahuatl, is, in vocabulary and verb conjugation, purely Aryan, which had its origin in the highlands of east Iran, the country of the Elamites. But while it has Aryan characteristics, it has also evidences of Semitic relationship in its pronominal system, and many of its words are traceable to Semitic roots. This dual relationship would probably be found in other Indian tongues.** The Jaredite influence is, possibly more in evidence, in some respects, than the Semitic, but the mixture gives evidence of Jaredite and Nephite origin.

Nor is it improbable that America received immigrants from Asia and other parts of the globe, who may have introduced new creeds and institutions, although not mentioned in the Book of Mormon. The Indian traditions concerning culture-heroes, such as Votan, Quetzalcoatl, Manco Capac, Bochica, Wixtepecocha, and others, who came mysteriously to the people in their degraded condition and taught them to till the ground, to spin and weave, to build houses, and to worship, and then passed out of view as mysteriously as they had come, may point to such immigrations, as well as to those which we know from the Book of Mormon.

*T. S. Denison, *The Primitive Aryans of America*, pp. 18, 19; Chicago, 1908.

**The Aryans are considered the ancestors of the Hindoo, Persian, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic and some other races.



THE SPIRIT AND INFLUENCE OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

BY ELDER W. A. HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE POCA TELLO STAKE OF
ZION

All men who have let the normal within them assert itself, know that there is something that passes judgment upon every act of their lives, and says that it is either good or bad. This is the stirring within the heart of man of an influence which has a universal field; it is the light within the man's mind of the Spirit of Truth.

Students of life and of history know, that coming down through the ages, there has been an arbiter that has put the stamp of approval or the brand of condemnation upon everything that has been created or done by man. A statue may be dug from ancient ruins which is a pattern for the greatest sculptor of the present day. From the mouldy walls of some ancient church, may be rescued a picture, which shall be the Mecca of a thousand modern artists. A word written by some sandal-footed poet at the dawn of recorded time, remains until now, the pinnacle of expression. These endure, because they have truth in them in large measure,—they are the earth's classics.

This Spirit of Truth is the judge of thought and opinion, and it issues its judgments upon little and great. One must believe that there has been no age that has not felt its influence, and no sphere where its power has not been known. It must have been co-existent with God—even a part of the Omnipotent. It is the Light of Truth and in the glorious spectrum we see most clearly these primary colors.

Primary Elements of Truth

Against the background of history and experience, we discern the element of Liberty. It has come from the original fountain, undiminished by the flow of the ages. It runs through the hearts of all men, and, confined within him, the slave may possess it in as large a degree as does the freeman. We know that it is the right of man, and man has lifted his eyes to it since the beginning.

Also, the dullest eye may see that Justice is an element of universal Truth. Do what he will by his sophistries, man cannot rid himself of the knowledge that law will eventually prevail. Beyond probability, possibility, speculation and theories we come at last to law. Law is the ultimate, and its highest form is that in the will of God.

As a companion to the powerful element of Justice founded in law, shines the light of Mercy. It is the setting aside of law as man knows it, by the higher law that is in the mind of the Infinite,—the graciousness by which power may relinquish its rights, and man may receive a gift otherwise beyond his reach. Dependent man looks toward this light, with a heart cheered by hope, in the assurance that if

he fail in his striving, by his faith a hand will stretch out to him and raise him up. These primary elements we know to be the basis of the Light of Truth, they are the fundamental ones from which all others radiate.

As a background to the beneficent illumination of light and life, there is the spirit of darkness and death. This proceeds from the source of lies, and wherever it may, it beclouds the radiance of Truth. Thus before the eyes of all men, to tax their powers of spiritual discernment, there are lights and shades, from the brilliance of the sun in heaven, to the blackness of the bottomless pit!

Down through the ages of history as man has known it under this light and shade, we see the perpetual flow of humanity, ever onward to the goal of the purified and perfected man. Our view being limited by our earthly horizon, we exclaim: "How utterly man has failed!" but if we could see beyond the horizon, we would know that there has been a ceaseless march toward God. There is no change in the picture. Sin and death—repentance and life—over and over again. It is the story of life as we see it in the pages of history, and perceive it in our own hearts and experiences.

The Prophet and his Book

In the midst of uncertainties, prophets have been the voices of men of the Infinite mind and will. They have revealed in our words, messages of the all-pervading truth. They have interpreted to men, the language of the stars, and whether written upon metal, granite, clay or papyrus they have made the enduring record of the Word.

But a book is a lifeless thing, as it lies there on the table, a pound of matter; but if it be opened and read, it becomes not only alive, but before the world it is innocent or guilty. One thought, in olden time, to kill a book by burning it, but there is something in a book that will live through a furnace. It is to us intangible, but it is nevertheless there—it is the Spirit of the Book.

There are all kinds of potency, from hemlock to "nectar for the gods" lying within the covers of your book. It matters not if it be bound in paper or leather gilt, it may have life or death in it. That potency for life or death is its spirit. Unlike the spirit of man, it has no power of initiative. It cannot say "I will do." It waits to be invited to speak. The spirit of the man must kindle into life the spirit of the book and make it give its message. Laws in a book are dead until man applies them. Yet they are there—the dead letter, but perchance having in them immeasurable life! The spirit of the book is that something, which, when awakened, recaches out and takes hold of the spirit of man, and makes him, for the time being, brother to the great, or companion of the unworthy. Just as men acquire power among men by reason of their clearness, their saneness and their justness, until what they say seems born of unquestioned authority, so some books acquire distinction. They are the ones that have never failed

you. You go to them to drink as to a spring, and generations before you may have been to that same unfailing spring, which may continue to pour forth its satisfying waters to the end of time.

God's concern for his children has been such that he has miraculously preserved enough of his written word to guide them to obedience and life. The Holy Bible has been thus kept, and to the believer in a future life, there is a halo surrounding it that lifts it above other books. One reads it as he would commune with the spirit of the ages. Typography and the book binder's art are lost in the presence of its grandeur of truth which now speaks to us. Spokesmen for humanity have poured their essence into these pages, and they have become the voice of universal experience. If, then, speaking for humanity in general, there be any book that may be used as a standard by which we may judge the spirit of all other books, that book is the Bible, for it is the highest expression of truth that the civilized world as a whole has accepted. In its pages we find the rays that are the basis of the Light of Truth, Liberty, Justice and Mercy. These are seen to be outlined with unmistakable clearness. They are the heart of the book. You could not take from the Bible one of these elements, and leave it worthy to be called scripture. It would be shorn of so much life. But you can strip it of much else, and still leave it, for the purpose of its mission, unimpaired.

If this be true, this, then is the written standard by which any book that presumes to speak for God must be judged. By this standard we may know something of the Spirit of the Book of Mormon.

This is the voice of the Spirit of the Book:

The Standard Applied

That liberty rests in the decrees of God,² and that man may choose and have what he wills.³ That liberty is inherent in this Western Hemisphere by reason of God's decree.⁴ That liberty is not compatible with earthly monarchies,⁵ that democracy is advocated, and that, operating under this law of choice, was held perhaps the first election of sacred history.⁶ There is given an example of constitutional law,⁷ and the principle is established, that all men have the right to worship God as their consciences dictate.⁸ The results of the failure of democracy is shown;⁹ and most important, it is announced that the spirit of freedom is akin to the Spirit of God.¹⁰

It is declared that Justice is the operation of a righteous and unfailing law, and that though free, man will be subject to the operations of that law "at the great and last day."¹¹ That the sinful and unrepentant man must have his just condemnation;¹² and that the application of the law is general,¹³ and without favoritism, but that to the uninformed there is no law but the law of mercy.¹⁴ That according to a man's deserts, shall his reward or condemnation be.¹⁵ That the redemption of God does not apply to the sins of the unrepentant,¹⁶ but that it is the prerogative of God that Mercy may satisfy the demands of Justice.¹⁷

It is taught that God's concern for man is far reaching and envelops every land and clime,¹⁸ that the grace and mercy of God are founded in power, and that they are the result of the condescension of God,¹⁹ and come from the Father, because of the Son;²⁰ and that being thus it must be founded upon faith in God, its source,²¹ and upon the repentance of man,²² and upon obedience to all of his requirements.²³ That the grace of God saves man "from their sins and not in their sins,"²⁴ and that it is sufficient for all who are humble.²⁵ That the ultimate expression of grace was shown in the atonement and resurrection.²⁶ That we would be eternally lost without grace,²⁷ but that it is continued and free.²⁸ Throughout the book there is the unmistakable lesson that there is a price to forgiveness, but that it is within the reach of all. Mercy shines continually through the rigors of Law and Commandment. Said the prophet of this Infinite tenderness: "For I know that the Lord giveth no commandment to the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them, that they may accomplish the thing which he commanded them."²⁹

Thus are the primary elements of the Spirit of Truth unmistakably shown.

The Familiar Spirit

There comes to us from the voice of the book, echoes as from some word that we have heard long since and have well understood; they are the whisperings to us of familiar truths. We recognize them, for they are attested by the reasoning of the mind, and the sanction of the spirit within us. They tell us that the end of life is that we shall be born again,³⁰ redeemed and become the sons and daughters of God. That there is no happiness in sin, and that obedience is the way to joy.³¹ It teaches that an element of faith is a recognition of God's superior knowledge,³² and how that faith is nurtured and grows in the heart of man;³³ and how it may become so powerful that nothing can be held from it.³⁴ That spiritual gifts to man, ceases only because of his wickedness,³⁵ and that God, to be unchangeable, must be a God of miracles.³⁶ It gives full light on the comprehensiveness of the plans of the Almighty,³⁷ and shows that all men have been alike to him from the beginning of creation, and that his atonement applied as well before as subsequent to his coming in the flesh.³⁸ That baptism, necessary now, was always necessary.³⁹ That the mission of all prophets has been to testify of the Christ.⁴⁰ It teaches that purity of heart alone gives access to God.⁴¹ And with unanswerable authority is given again, by the Lord himself, the essence of his Gospel.⁴²

The Challenge of the Book

With a boldness that has in it a spirit of militancy, the book challenges the world. It invites comparison by laying down a law by which itself is to be judged,—that "there is nothing which is good save it comes from the Lord,"⁴³ and that which is evil cometh from the devil.⁴⁴

"I show you the way to judge, for everything which invites to do good, and to persuade to believe in Christ, is sent forth by the power and gift of Christ, wherefore ye may know with a perfect knowledge that it is of God.⁴⁵ There is no book, the Bible not excepted, that tells so plainly and fervently the mission of Christ.⁴⁶ The book challenges the world in its support of the Bible. Said the prophet: "This is written for the intent that ye may believe that, and if ye believe that, ye will believe this also."⁴⁷ It challenges the world for a better statement of the moral law, and the blessings that come from its observance.⁴⁸ It challenges all men by the witness of the Spirit, if they will read it with open and earnest minds.⁴⁹ It comes to the world with a crystal clearness that challenges the understanding of men.

The Spirit's Authority

It speaks with a spirit which is authoritative. By a law of the operation of the Holy Ghost which it announces,⁵⁰ its light and truth are carried into the hearts of men and women, and many thousands of the honest in heart, have been first thrilled and then converted by its powerful message. The voice of these ancient heralds of the truth, come to us as out of the dust,⁵¹ speaking as with a "familiar spirit," and thousands have heard and will still continue to hear its sacred whisperings. They recognize the Word, for it is the Light of Truth, the Spirit of Him who is the Author of our salvation.

Pocatello, Idaho

(1) Jer. 36:23; (2) Hela. 14:30; 2 Nep. 2:16-26; (3) 2 Nep. 10:23; (4) 2 Nep. 1:6-8; Alma 46:17; (5) 2 Nep. 5:18; Mos. 23:13; Mos. 29; (6) Mos. 29:39; (7) Alma 30:7; (8) Alma 1:17; (9) Alma 10:19; (10) Alma 61:15; (11) 2 Nep. 2:26; (12) 2 Nep. 9:46-7; (13) 2 Nep. 30:2; Jacob 3:8; (14) 2 Nep. 9:25; Mos. 3:11; (15) Alma 12:10; 32:20; Mos. 2:41; (16) Alma 12:18; (17) Alma 34:16; (18) Alma 26:37; 37:18-19; (19) Jacob 4:7; (20) Alma 33:11; (21) 1 Nep. 1:20; Mos. 26:24; (22) 2 Nep. 2:4; Hela 12:22; (23) 1 Nep. 1:14; (24) Hela 5:10; (25) Ether 12:27; (26) 2 Nep. 9; (27) 2 Nep. 25:23; (28) 2 Nep. 28:23; (29) 1 Nep. 3:7; (30) Mos. 27:25; (31) Alma 41:10; 2 Nep. 2:25; (32) Mos. 4:6-12; (33) Alma 26:22; (34) 3 Nep. 7:18; Ether 12:19; (35) Mormon 1:14; (36) Mormon 9:19; (37) 2 Nep. 27:7-10; (38) Mos. 3:13; (39) 2 Nep. 31:9; Mos. 2:22; 3 Nep. 11:38-9; (40) Jacob 7:11; (41) Jacob 3:1; (42) 3 Nep. 27:13-16; (43) Moroni 7:13; Ether 4:12; (44) Omni 1:25; (45) Moroni 7:14; (46) 2 Nep. 33:10; Ether 8:26; Alma 29; 2 Nep. 11:4; (47) Mormon 7:9; (48) 3 Nep. 30:2; (49) 3 Nep. 26:8; Mormon 8:12; Ether 4:11; (50) 2 Nep. 33:1; (51) Isa. 29:4.

A DAUGHTER OF LAMAN

BY N. GLENN STANFORD

Far away from the usual haunts of men, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, there lies a large tract of land. Here the brawling mountain streams, broken by hurtling waterfalls, vie with the majestic mountains with their pine slopes in making it a veritable paradise for the lovers of nature. Because of its position and unrivalled grandeur the Canadian Government has set it apart as a national park for the people of Canada and their visitors.

The park officials were equal to their task in making of it a playground to be envied. The guides—Swiss and Native—are the kind one reads of in story books, and the canoeing, fishing and hunting all savor of the virgin wilderness.

At a table in the spacious lounge sat a pretty girl with two young men. They had just returned from an extended tour of the more remote parts of the park and were sipping with relish from some glasses of soda water.

"Well, can you beat it!" ejaculated one of the men, and the other man and the girl followed his admiring gaze.

Hurrying from table to table with a spritely step, her long black hair woven into thick braids and hanging to her waist, was a slender girl in Indian costume.

"Look! Alf; I am sure she is a half-breed, at least, for she has slightly high cheek bones, and that hair isn't artificial," said the girl.

Alf rapped on the table and the girl in question came over. She stood shyly by as if conscious of their thoughts; then she spoke: "I weel take the order, please." It was a musical voice with a slight French accent.

"You're sure a pretty kid."

The other young man drawled the words mechanically.

A deep flush began to rise in the cheeks of the waitress.

"The lodge guest will please mind his own beesness," she retorted in an icy tone, and walked haughtily away.

"Say, Leta, I wonder who she can be," mused Alf. "I know! Let's go ask the clerk."

"She's a full-blood Stony Indian, and as far as we know she's an orphan," he replied to their query and calmly resumed his work at the desk.

"But what makes her so white, and what is her name?" persisted Leta in an interested tone.

The Clerk looked up impatiently.

"Her name is Louise Bear-Paw, and as far as her complexion is concerned, I can't understand; I suppose it's her superior mode of living; but then, lots of Indians are becoming more fair nowadays."

As the man seemed indisposed to further conversation, Leta decided to become acquainted with the girl. "Louise Bear-Paw;" what a beautiful girl, and what an odd name.

As Louise dusted the candy counter next morning she was surprised by the appearance of the young lady whom she had noticed the night before.

"Good morning, Louise!" greeted Leta, chummily. "You seem to be an early riser."

"It's you, Miss, that's the early bird," Louise replied, and continued her dusting.

"May I help you?"

The words were accompanied by such a winning smile that the Indian girl reluctantly surrendered one of her dusting cloths.

For half an hour Leta chatted gaily about the local happenings; but the Indian girl remained nonchallant. Finally, however, when the conversation turned to the park and its animal life, Louise's face brightened. It was plain to see that she did not trust all of the tourists, but there was something about this girl from the city that seemed to break down her barricade of reserve and make her feel as if she was really "some one."

"I do love your hair!" said Leta, with enthusiasm, after a short period of silence. "What a contrast," and she stroked her own bobbed tresses with a laugh.

Louise tilted her chin proudly.

"I'm an Indian, and all of our people have nice hair."

"Why don't you do it up? I am sure you would look just wonderful!"

"They will not let me here. The Manager, he say: 'You must wear your hair like one real squaw.' Besides I do not know how to fix my hair like your women, all coily and fluffy like," and she shrugged her slim shoulders.

"Let me help you," Leta pleaded; "Oh, I am sure it would be simply glorious."

"You will soon go; in one week the summer season will be up then I shall go also."

"But where will you go?" asked the city girl, curiously.

"In the winter I stay with Mrs. Fletcher, down yonder, and go to school."

"Have you a teacher yet?" Leta asked, hopefully, "I am a fully qualified teacher and I would so like to stay in this beautiful country. Oh, it would be such sport!"

The board of trustees did not have a teacher, and they readily accepted the offer of Leta Burridge to teach for the term; her duties to commence in one month.

Two months later found the two girls in Louise's little attic bedroom. They both stayed with Mrs. Fletcher and already they had become fast friends. Leta had found her work very interesting. Her

classes consisted of five white children, three Indian boys and one little Japanese boy, the son of the Hotel cook. Louise was her oldest pupil and proved to be very bright and receptive. Indeed, now that the tan was leaving her face, Leta found it hard to believe that she had any Indian blood in her at all.

"Do you think my hair suits me this way?" asked Louise, glancing sidelong into the mirror. "It makes my head look so large."

Leta was busy adjusting a narrow belt about Louise's shapely waist. She finished by smoothing down the skirt, then arose to view her handiwork.

"I am afraid your head will grow still larger, if I continue to flatter you; but really, you do look sweet; one would think you had just arrived from Montreal," and Leta sighed with admiration.

"I hope Fred likes it, for he said he was going to take me out where his people are; and, Oh, Miss Burrridge, he says that my people were not always dark but that a long time ago they were a 'white and delightful people;' yes, those are the very words he used."

That night when Leta found Mrs. Fletcher alone in the kitchen she asked her about this strange young man who took so much interest in an Indian girl.

"He's a guide who has charge of the longest route in the park; I've only seen him twice. I suppose he met Louise at the Hotel. But then," she added, "all the young men are attracted by her."

"Well, I don't see why he should deliberately raise false hopes in the innocent girl's heart by lying to her," Leta snapped back, and rushed into the other room.

As she came through the door she almost bumped into a young man who was standing with his back to her. He was talking with Louise, complimenting her; and she was looking up at him with such adorable eyes. He wore riding boots, and spurs, and his hair which needed cutting badly reached to the collar of his buckskin jacket.

Louise introduced him as Fred Clayson, and, for the brief moment that Leta's hand rested in his, he looked into her eyes; and she looked back.

Acquaintances are easily formed in the mountain country. It isn't customary to question a person's business or character in the land of the big snows. Many a rancher and hunter there was who had started life anew and was trying to live and forget. And so, fifteen minutes later they were seated before the big grate. Fred seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of thrilling stories, and his experience as a guide had made him very proficient in telling them.

Leta eventually saw her chance.

"You just mentioned some Indians; please tell me what your opinion is, regarding the origin of their race."

The young man looked at Louise. She, too, leaned forward as if interested. For a moment he gazed into red embers of the fire as if in their fiery glow he hoped to find an answer. Finally, he pulled

himself into a more comfortable position and looking at the Indian girl tenderly, began:

"My personal opinions are not some of my own formulation. They are included in the tenets of my religion, and I believe them just as I believe that I live. Louise's forefathers were at one time a chosen people of the Lord; they were of the Seed of Abraham and, therefore, were heirs to the promise. But I will start at the beginning."

For an hour Fred talked to them in smooth measured tones. He told them of the departure of Lehi from Jerusalem, of their journey across the waters to America and of the merciful way in which God dealt with this favored people. He told of the dissension which arose among them, and how one faction was cursed with a dark skin; how they builded cities and inhabited them; of the visitation of Christ after his crucifixion; and, while they listened, breathless and wide-eyed, he related the story of the last great battle in the land of Cumorah, which terminated in the destruction of the fair skinned Nephites.

"But these dark survivors were promised that if they would again turn unto their God and keep his commandments, their skin would again become white and the curse would be withdrawn from them. This is happening today, and it fills me with awe as I watch our dusky brethren reclaim their heritage, and as a result become more fair. You see," he added, "I am a 'Mormon.'"

"A 'Mormon'!" for the space of a second the coquettish Leta sat speechless with surprise; then, cleverly mastering her amazement, she cast him a little side-long glance; slowly her lips quirked into an amused smile and she regarded him curiously.

"I've always been looking forward to the time when I would meet a real live 'Mormon,' and," she added, "do you know, I am really disappointed. I had imagined so many things that I would do and say when that eventful day should arrive, but instead, I have been sitting here like a credulous school-girl, blissfully absorbed in a most enthralling story; and what is more," she confessed eagerly, "I really believe it—every word."

Louise's eyes were joyous. "I am so happy," she breathed.

Slowly the rugged mountain youth arose to his feet, and, crossing to his pack bags in the corner, removed a well worn leather bound book. "It is a more detailed history of the wanderings of the people whom we have just discussed," he said in answer to their questioning looks, "In it you will find an account of the events associated with their lives as they actually happened. It is called the *Book of Mormon* and is the publication whence our nickname is derived. You may read it if you care to."

"Oh, let's read it together!" cried Louise, impulsively; and Leta readily assented.

Before giving them the book, Fred turned to the back of it and with a stubby pencil marked a passage. "It is the admonition of Moroni, the son of Mormon, who wrote the concluding chapters of the

divine record. I call it my testimony," he continued, huskily, "because I followed the advice given there and the divinity of the record was so deeply inscribed on the fly-leaf of my soul that I can never again doubt it.

In the months that followed, the two girls perused the whole volume. They took turns at reading, and even the Fletcher family became so engrossed in the strange narrative that they forgot their winter's supply of novels in the crude book case and joined the girls by the fire in their nightly class.

Spring came, and then Summer. The two young women had developed burning testimonies of the truth to be found in the pure unadulterated principles of Christianity as taught by the Latter-day Saints.

Leta informed her parents of her intentions regarding baptism, and after an extended investigation of the "Mormon" doctrines, they reluctantly consented. She contracted to teach until Christmas in the next Fall term and then prepared to spend her vacation with parents and relatives in Vancouver.

The parting scene between the two girls was touching. Louise was a forlorn looking little figure as she gazed wistfully up at her friend leaning from the carriage window. Her coiffure was perfect, and her raven hair—waved and shiny—lent a pallid light to her clear cut features. There was a little note of pathos in her voice when she spoke;

"I am so happy—and yet very sad. It seems that I have known you always."

"I am sure that we have known each other always," replied Leta, sagely. Then she smiled from sheer happiness. "I, too, am happy, and yet sad; but remember, I will be back in six weeks. While I am away I am going to be one of those missionaries Fred speaks of." She laughed mischievously and produced a well thumbed bible from her hand-bag.

When the School Teacher returned from her vacation she was simply bubbling over with suppressed excitement and information.

"Mother and Daddy are tremendously interested!" she exclaimed, when all of the embraces and formalities incident to her arrival were over and she was left alone with Mrs. Fletcher and Louise. "And now I am going to spring a surprise; I am sure you could never guess in ages, so I will just let my tongue ramble until I am run down. Well, to begin with, I visited our Temple at Cardston, and oh, Louise, it is just grand. They are just completing it so we all went through. It is simply gorgeously decorated, and outside they have fountains and pools with the dearest little colored fishes in them. Away back in the distance the Big Chief mountain looms up like a guardian angel and makes one feel so insignificant in its majestic presence. For a time I was tempted by some of the most ridiculous paganistic impulses; I could have prostrated myself in obeisance to the demigod of nature. But, of course, I regard the temple as a divine edifice, and really, one feels

imbued with so sacred a feeling as one stands in the shadow of its awe-inspiring walls."

Louise was rapturous; her hungry soul was fairly feasting on the enthusiasm of the other, and her dark eyes were sparkling. "Oh Leta! and is it standing like a sentinel on a hill? Are its walls all white and shining, like Fred said they were?"

"Its all of that and more," the city girl replied, and then she proceeded to give a detailed description of its location as well as its interior. "I would have been baptized, had we not decided that we would have the ceremony performed together," and she smiled lovingly at Louise.

Again, Autumn came with all its joy and fears, and again, like a bird of passage, Fred returned from the other side of the mountains. Leta was assisting the Indian girl with her first year high school, although she was obliged to do her studying at home. The two girls no longer visited the opening in the forest where it was their wont to study gospel doctrine. Time would not permit. But, together, the three attended the periodical dances and celebrations given at the big hostelry and their friendship grew until it was evident that something must happen.

It is not customary for mountain women to be fickle. Their sentiments are not influenced by the wine and merriment found in the social whirl of modern civilization. But even in the back woods men and women love, and that love becomes a part of their very existence. And so, in this secluded mountain resort, when the pleasure seekers were cuddled about their fires in the city and the air was becoming chill before the dread advance of Winter, there was enacted an odd human drama; a drama involving strange psychological phenomena. It revolved about the eternal triangle—the love of two for one; two intimate heart friends, yet rivals in love, but both rejoicing in the happiness of the other.

Louise's heart was torn between its conflicting emotions. Her regard for the new found gospel was too great and divine to allow resentment to spring up in her heart towards her friend. She loved Leta, and, after all, did the two not belong to each other because of their birthright? For the first time she cursed in her heart the fate that had made her a descendant of Laman. She could not understand the interest Fred took in her friend and wrongfully interpreted it as love. But then, who could help loving the loyal, attractive Leta?

In her depression she forgot the horse-hair bracelet that Fred had given her as a symbol of his fidelity; she forgot all else but that she was in the way, and that she owed them so much. With this in mind, she mounted her pinto pony one morning and, leaving behind her a hastily scribbled note, turned its face toward the West—where dwelt the powerful Stony nation, the people of her father.

For miles she rode, blinded—disheartened. When her tired mount ceased to respond to her booted heel she cut him again and again with the ends of the rawhide reins. Finally she reached the belt of pines—

her Sanctum. It was the only synagogue she had ever entered and its roofless domain had become holy to her because it was associated with her new-found creed. Here, surrounded by the vast solitudes and whispering pines, she fought for strength; from her heart she cried out to the God of her adoption: "Is there no hope for such as we, is our heritage of no value!" Has it been decreed that my people should suffer for all time!"

Overcome by emotion, and shame because of her lack of faith, the impulsive Indian maiden slid from her spent horse and, falling to her knees beside it, nestled her cold brow and raven hair against its sweet-coated fore-leg. For several moments she knelt thus, then, with a peaceful heart she mounted and rode silently away.

Fred carried the penciled note to the school house and with a heavy heart desired Leta to read it. As her eyes wandered over the lines, so loving and pathetic in their brevity, they filled with tears. She looked up into Fred's tell-tale face. "I understand, and I, too, love her," she sobbed.

A cruel ice-bound Winter spent amid stinking wickiups, dying horses, and starving countrymen,—countrymen, who in their madness for food were rendered unreceptive to the message which she brought them, dealt harshly with the sensitive emotions of Louise, leaving her spirit scarred and careworn. She looked at the past happy years down a long misty aisle of yesterdays, beclouded by the shadows of subsequent events; seeming vividly unreal in their nearness, and yet distractingly far away. To her devoted mind, the man she loved had become a vague, elusive phantom; at times very close, then fading quickly away, according to her moods.

At last the pain of it all became unbearable. She must find the ones who shared her knowledge of the gospel. Accordingly, one sweet balmy morning when the snow was fast melting and there was a tinge of Spring in the air, she arranged her hair about her head in coils, patted it into position with loving hands and, after dressing in the riding attire which she had worn at her arrival, she mounted her gaunt horse and betook her way eastward, toward the land of her former happiness.

Throughout the ages the skilful touch of the artist's brush has worked scenic miracles on the canvas. Thousands of people yearly forsake their city homes to wander in freedom among the nameless mountains of the west. They invade with awe the treasure house of nature, admiring more rapturously each new scene that opens before them. But Louise was unaware of the picture she made as she sat silhouetted against the western sky on a late afternoon. Her worn horse was the picture of dejection as it stood with its tired muscles relaxed and its nose almost even with its fetlocks. Yet, in spite of the trying journey, the petite figure of the Indian girl sat the pony gracefully—a grace which even a breaking heart could not alter. Far below her the wild turbulent waters of the river dashed, its foam-crested waves merciless and forbidding in the throes of a spring flood. Louise saw all of this

but the fierceness of the elements did not frighten her. Many times her stout-hearted pony had carried her safely through the selfsame current, and she delighted in the swish of the water about her hips as her swimming horse snorted and blowed and almost sank from sight. A curious rabbit hopped from behind a neighboring bush and eyed her blandly. A gentle breeze, fresh from the snow-drifted mountain recesses, swayed the pine tops. Spring was coming! The wind whispered of it. The animals tried to show it by their actions; the bursting leaf buds lent a pungent fragrance to the mountain air. But Louise's thoughts were far away from such common-place things. Her eyes were misty and her face was turned in the direction of the little school house, far down the valley.

Suddenly, from out a ravine, a lone horseman appeared. The girl's eyes shone with an imitation of their old luster. There was no mistaking that horse, nor the rider; and even while she watched, the approaching horse quickened its pace; the other, too, had seen and understood; only Louise could sit a horse like that.

The girl wheeled her horse quickly about. She must get away! What would Fred think if he found her here! Madly she quirted her horse toward the river, her only escape, and drove him headlong into the raging flood. She laughed bitterly and thrilled as she felt her pony begin to swim.

The water was swift and numerous ice-floes did not make the passage easier. She had reached mid-stream when, without warning, came a sickening thud, and she experienced the peculiar sensation felt when a swimming horse stumbles. Wildly she grasped the mane. The courageous little animal, one fore-leg shattered by some floating ice, strove blindly to carry on, but, powerless in such a current, it swayed slightly then rolled completely over. Louise's weak emaciated form was no match for the ice cold water; as her grasp on the reins weakened she heard an alarmed shout from the bank and saw Fred spur his big black mount into the water; then a drowsy darkness eased her chilled bones and the ache in her heart.

Fred emerged from the water with the dripping form of the girl he loved in his arms. After he had applied first-aid he built a huge fire. As the flames leaped heavenward and their heat penetrated the wet clothes about her, Louise made a feeble attempt to rally, but lapsed again into unconsciousness. Fred looked down at the blanched face against his heart. He admired as of old the fine sensitive features. Her raven hair lay in glorious profusion over his arm.

"Louise," he murmured, "why did you leave, my love? I needed you so much." He raised her wan face to his but before their lips met a pair of dark eyes opened.

How different were those eyes. The innocent childish look had departed from them. Louise was no longer a simple Indian maiden—a daughter of Laman, only. She had gone away a girl,

but these were not the eyes of a care-free child; the young man saw in them the soul of a woman, tried in the fire of self-sacrifice.

"Where is Leta?" The voice was strange and toneless but Fred loved her the more for the words.

"She is gone, my wild flower of the forest. By now she is amongst the fascinating bright lights and glamour of the city. She is a hothouse flower, but how easy to transplant in the loamy mountain soil; she is waiting for you down there, Louise, and there is a far-away look in her eyes, a look which you only can drive from them. It is you I want, little one, but God knows we were all so happy."

The girl was gazing vacantly at a distant hilltop; a slight tremor ran through her body. "Fred, I am going away; not to the Happy Hunting Grounds of my people, but to the Paradise of our God. You have made me very happy, Fred—so happy it—it h-hurts; please do not worry; I—I am not afraid, now."

Her eyes closed and when she opened them again they were shining; for one swift moment her spirit arose, buoyant and gushing as of old. "You will find Leta, and, Fred dear, you will tell her that Louise loved her and is happy because she is happy; then you will ask her to marry you, for she loves you—even as we love these mountains and forests of pines."

"Please do not talk so, Cheerie, my beautiful," pleaded Fred, huskily, "I have found you again and we will be wondrously happy." But even as he spoke the dread reality of her words forced itself upon him, she was fast slipping. He looked at the blanched face through a film of tears; slowly her lips moved: "You are so good—so kind, but it could never be. What would your people think? You were meant for somebody else." Her voice was weak but calm when she continued: "Fred, when you are married and happy again, will you do something for me?"

"Oh, yes, I would do a million things for you," he sobbed.

"Please go to our temple at Cardston, the one you have told me of, and that we used to talk and dream about—the one that is all white and beautiful, and have those ordinances performed that are necessary for my salvation, for I want to be one with you—with you and Leta."

"I promise," he murmured, and held her close.

Slowly, but without hesitation, her arms encircled his neck and with all her remaining strength she raised her lips to his in one last caress, the sweetness of which was as pure and unsullied as the gurgling springlets from which she had drunk since a child. "Lest you forget," she breathed, then her arms slowly relaxed and her head fell limp upon his arm.

It seemed to the humble forest guide, as he sat amid the surroundings that they had both loved, with the thing he cherished most in life taken from him, that life was cruel—brutal in the extreme. He

THAT MOTHER'S TEAR

BY CARTER E. GRANT, JORDAN L. D. S. SEMINARY

"For land's sake, mother, I never could get any sense from that book anyway! Then, besides, I have my doubts that it is all you think it to be." He would have continued, but seeing the expression on his mother's face, he qualified a little by remarking, "Of course, I don't know much about it. Possibly it is all right, but please don't ask me to take it along." Thus spoke Clifford Bates, a strong, stalwart young fellow who had just finished his third year at the university, and was now making ready to follow two of his companions to the Salmon River mining district.

"If the other fellows should see me reading it, or even saw it in my case, they would have a lot to say. You hardly know how people who don't belong to our Church look at such things. Then, too, times are changed considerably, mother, from when you were young. Everyone now seems different, both as to their beliefs and likes. Furthermore, no one outside of our Church group gives the book an ounce of credence. And——"

"Now, son!" anxiously exclaimed Mrs. Bates, "I know if you knew more about the book, you would be more careful about what you say. You needn't let everyone see you reading it or let them know what's in your traveling bag. I have been thinking, that while you were at the mines or on the train even, you will have, oh, so much time to read. I've read this book many times, Clifford. And besides, you know this was your father's." Here the mother hesitated a little, for a lump arose, making her usually steady voice tremble. "Then, tomorrow, you know——" here she left the room and busied herself in the kitchen with her son's lunch. Returning again shortly, she continued, "Please take the book, Clifford. At least turn through it during the Summer and read the passages your father marked."

Although Clifford was considerate of his mother's wishes, still he had ideas of his own about what he thought he ought to read during his vacation. He began more kindly, "For you, mother dear, it might be just okeh, and, possibly, was for father also. I liked to hear the stories when I was younger, but now, I just can't but look at things differently. I know you can't understand how I feel. I guess, though, the older children have my share of religion, at least they are sure mine's all gone. Anyway, that's the way they talk. I'll have plenty to read, mother. I am taking several good books along that are based upon the best modern thought and problems. Sometime I'll turn in and give this book a good going over, but not this Summer."

Seeing that her arguments were doing no good, Mrs. Bates quietly laid the books on the supper table and returned to the kitchen; and, with

heavy heart over the attitude of her youngest son, began packing her best prepared sweet-meats into his lunch-box. In the other room Clifford closed the suit case and traveling bag. And the little black-leather book still rested on the white, linen cover near his empty supper plate.

At midnight, Clifford was to catch the Yellowstone Special, going as far north as Idaho Falls, and here transfer for Butte, Montana; but before reaching Butte, he had to make another change for the Salmon River country. The young man looked upon his vacation trip with considerable happiness, believing he would be delighted with roughing it for one full, unrestrained Summer. It was now 10 o'clock, and as he had promised to call Edith again before leaving, he was soon at the phone chatting gaily about his coming trip. He talked of his assurance that, once up in that neck of the woods, he would find plenty of work, if not at one mine then at another; he would find a job some place, possibly he might drop back to the Park, or even go southwest into the Idaho grain fields, "You needn't worry, Edith, I'll make it, somehow."

Now as Edith talked, Clifford listened, and why shouldn't he, even though he failed to agree with his sweetheart in all her ideas. He knew, however, that her ideals of life had touched his own and had helped bridge him over many a snare that seemed waiting constantly for him at every turn. Again, all anxiously, she was giving him a bit of good advice.

"Well, for land's sake, Edith," Clifford exclaimed half accusingly, "you're as bad as mother, both just the same; nervous, anxious, looking for something terrible to happen, believing I'm always going and never coming, that I am bound to do a hundred and one things that you hate—because it's my very nature—different than the older children—breaking mother's heart—losing the faith of my parents—only one of father's boys to smoke—and I don't know what all—" Again he had to stop and listen. Edith's sentences were reaching the right place, for Clifford's attitude had changed entirely when he spoke again.

"All right, well—I'll remember. Now, don't you fail either, drop a letter in the mail tomorrow. Just send it general delivery, I'll have it the day it arrives; yes, I'll write at Pocatello. Did you say you hoped I shouldn't find Baker and Clark? Oh, pshaw, what if they don't belong to our Church, they're fine fellows, a little rough, maybe—now, Edith, don't be silly over your religious views. All right—we'll see each other this Fall—have a good time but watch out for J. N.—all right, Edith—good-bye."

As Clifford slowly placed the phone on the stand he commented, "Edith always did get the best of the argument. Of course, it does no great damage so long as I do not let her know that she has the best of it. I hope mother did not hear all I said, she feels bad enough as it is. Clifford arose and went to the large mirror in the dining room and began adjusting a tie that seemed unsettled about the neck of his

new army shirt. As he gazed into the glass he saw past himself, out through the open door to the table where he had eaten his supper. There, in the glow of the pink shade of the standing-lamp, stood his mother, book in hand, slowly wiping her eyes as she read the inscription on the fly leaf. Clifford would have turned and approached, making some explanation regarding the telephone conversation, but when he saw the book he hesitated. "I guess the whole thing, my leaving and all, is harder for mother and Edith than I can just see. Possibly my college work has made me a little 'critical, but I don't mean anything by it. I am tickled to think Edith is like mother. I'll tell mother just what I meant." Even from where he stood he could see that the darker shades of hair were about replaced by the silvery ones. It was no longer "silver threads among the gold."

As the young man left for the kitchen, Mrs. Bates, not thinking that she had been seen, stepped softly into the other room and put the book back in its usual place. Cliff had seen his mother leave and knew where to find the book. "For her sake, I'll slip it into my coat pocket," he determinedly exclaimed to himself, "even if I don't read more than a few passages, it can't hurt anything." Then as good as his word, Young Bates, all unobserved, took the book from its place and on his journey.

The time for departure had come. Before the open front door, Clifford set down his things fully to respond to his mother's affectionate good-bye. She hugged the robust boy that was now larger than herself, the last one to leave home; then she wept on his shoulder. As he kissed her she took both his cheeks in her two hands and looked him squarely in the eyes, requesting, "Come home as soon as you can, Clifford. Write often. I'll pray for you." As the young man walked hurriedly toward the car corner, he saw the light from that open door behind him still shining out across the sidewalk and on into the darkness beyond.

An hour later, comfortably seated toward the rear of the car, Clifford Bates and his huge train were speeding swiftly northward. Thundering over the down grade through Woods Cross, Centerville, and Farmington, they fairly flew. No stops short of Ogden, all tracks were cleared. A string of freight cars on a siding, fairly swept by the open window. A half-hidden street light in the distance told where nestled sleeping villages, which in a moment were far behind. Due to the wind that whipped in, all windows were closed. On they flew.

Cliff looked about him, saw no one in the car he recognized; in the one seat back of him was a gentleman with a kind appearance. The young man looked at the older traveler twice before he was sure he had never seen him before. Their eyes met, but neither felt inclined to speak. With the closing of the windows, the outside world vanished. Cliff settled himself in his seat to think. Just then from the open door of the smoker ahead, the smell of tobacco came floating

back to the young man's sensitive and susceptible nostrils. "Whew," he half whistled, "that goes right down to the very bottom of my appetite. Talk about a desire—why, it's a regular craving or passion for the stuff." He tried to think of home, mother, Edith and everything but his cigarettes. But it was of no use. Even the latest magazine failed to change his mind. "I've got to have one smoke," he declared as he looked toward the smoking car and, at the same time, thrust his hand into his side coat pocket. Then in place of a package of cigarettes, he half drew forth something else, a book he had forgotten was there. "Great Scott," he exclaimed as he looked about and produced the mysterious volume, "this is the first time I've looked this over since—since father died five years ago." As he hesitatingly opened the fly leaf he read:

To my husband, John Clifford Bates, on his 40th birthday, from his loving wife—*Sarah W. Bates.*

"Well, well, so this was father's! Maybe that was part of the reason mother was so anxious for me to bring it along. Just about a year ago, on his last birthday, she gave me his watch." Unconsciously he put his hand on it, making sure it was not forgotten. As his eyes went a little farther down on the page of writing, he saw the date of giving, June 13, 19—. Then things began dawning upon him, one after another." The 13th of June—father's birthday—today is the 13th sure enough—12:45 a. m.—three-quarters of an hour into the day."

He gazed amazingly at the hand writing. "This was what she was reading when I saw her in the mirror. Here sure enough was the place." Then he raised the book a little. One of mother's tears had blurred the writing a little just next to the name, "John Clifford Bates." Like a flash the whole thing dawned upon him. Mother had tried to tell him, but he had cut her short. How unkind he felt he had been. "She had double reason for feeling as she did. I didn't have enough sense to listen. I know I wouldn't have cut off a stranger as I did her. I must write her from Pocatello, explaining all. I thought it was she who was cranky over religious views, but I guess I was more determined about my own." After thinking for some time, he finally reasoned, "I wish I could be a little more like I was a few years ago. Now-a-days, it seems that I just can't get interested in religious topics. If I could, mother and Edith would both—."

"Ogden! Ogden," sharply called out the conductor. "Change cars for all points West in Nevada, and on to San Francisco. Change cars for all points East—Evanston, Rock Springs, Cheyenne, and Omaha." A few moments later Cliff felt the grinding of the brakes and noticed the speed of the midnight flyer begin to slacken. Into his pocket went his book, as dark buildings, line after line of freight cars, then open spaces showing various red and green lights, wrecking machines and hissing engines, all slipped dizzily by him. Along the

tracks, everywhere, things were moving, men, with lanterns in hand, made up and unmade trains, as orders were handed out by the night foreman. "Think of it," the young man commented, "night after night, year after year, this same thing is going on while the city beyond lies sleeping. One has to get out in life a bit in order to appreciate what he possesses."

At the station a few passengers entered, none of whom, however, came to the back to molest him or his friend behind him. A half-hour later, the dozen or more coaches were winding their way through the Ogden yards, picking up speed as they hurried forward toward Bear River canyon and Cache Junction.

Now that all the buzz and whir and bustle and almost tumult of the noisy yards were behind them, Clifford settled back into his seat declaring, "I think I might better follow the rest of the people and try sleeping a bit." A few minutes later, he raised up and looked down toward the smoker, "Good heavens! I wish they would keep that infernal door closed. I stand myself pretty well until they let in a room full. Then that craving comes haunting me like Marley's Ghost after Scrooge, it just knocks and drags its chains in with it." For the second time he began the fight. "I'll eat!" he exclaimed. "I'll fill myself so full there won't be room for a smoke desire." Eat he did: Chicken sandwiches, pickles, potato chips, egg and vegetable salad, cake and banana all went out of sight. Then after he had gone to the end of the car and had a good drink he felt "much improved," as he said to himself.

Not for long did he rest. The after-dinner craving seemed to be worse than the empty craving, at least he felt so. Try as he would, it wouldn't go. He moved about nervously in his seat. He felt ashamed to think he, a college man, should be so attacked. "Were it a human enemy," he declared, "good Lord, what a fight we'd have. But this miserable longing, constant, persistent thing, growing greater every minute—great scott, I can't stand it!" He finally made up his mind. "I'll quit gradually. I'll take a smoke only when I get where I can't endure it longer. I'll have to quit the thing gradually." So saying, he started through his pockets again for his package of cigarettes. "Sure enough, they're in my other clothes, in my case there." Just then the news man passed up the aisle, "Here, you, here! Bring me a package of cigarettes. Double quick!"

A moment later with his cigarettes in his left coat pocket, he fixed his belongings together on the seat and prepared for the smoking car. He knew what a bunch of gay young fellows often rode there, and as he tied up his lunch box neatly, the smoker door opened, he caught bits of familiar songs in company to the jazzy pickety—pick—pick—tump—tump of the banjo. "Yes, they are there! And what a time they are having!" he exclaimed to himself. His young college blood began pulsating as if he were preparing for a football game. All his former splendid thoughts seemed gone. As he turned a bit, he

noticed the gentleman behind him was terribly interested in all he was doing. Especially so, since he had made his recent purchase. "I guess he has never smoked," Cliff assured himself, "for if he had, he wouldn't seem so surprised at me."

As young Bates was ready to leave, he unconsciously thrust both hands into his coat pockets. "My scott! What do you know about this combination," he spoke half aloud, "cigarettes in the left hand, Scripture in the other." At other times he would have made it a huge joke, written it to Edith, had lots of fun out of it; but now, as he hesitated, he saw himself, for a moment, at the mirror, and the vision of a few hours previous danced before him. His finer, instinctive self riveted him to his place.

Again he felt the throb of his mother's breast as she leaned on his shoulder and exclaimed, "Come home, as soon as you can, Clifford. Write often. I'll pray for you!" Then something seemed to suggest, "Possibly she is awake and praying for you even now, praying that the Lord will help you in the hour of temptation." At such a thought Cliff resolutely dropped the tobacco. Little or no faith, out came his left hand from his pocket, but the other, vice-like, stayed firmly in its place while the young college man fought one of life's greatest battles with no crowd shouting approval, or banners to assist him. Up to right now he had never really set the time for quitting his tobacco. He had never declared, "I'll smoke no more." Neither did he then, but he did know that part of his very manhood would slip away if he gave in. "At least right now, I can't and must not smoke. With every puff, I'd cuss myself. I'll be blamed if I'll do it. That infernal tobacco!" he exclaimed as he reached for it, and then, almost forgetting what he was doing, he whirled in his seat and holding it out half demanded of his friend, "Say, do you smoke?"

The gentleman, as surprised as Clifford by the unexpected turn of affairs, finally gained self-possession enough to read in Clifford's face the inward agitation, he rather encouragingly replied, "No; young man, I don't smoke, but I'll take care of those cigarettes, if you wish."

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" Clifford exclaimed as he dropped the unsealed package into the man's outstretched hand. "You may think me foolish," continued Cliff, "but I'm determined not to smoke today—father's birthday." As their eyes met, there seemed to be an understanding more fruitful than many words. Clifford turned quickly and settled himself in his seat, wondering all the while who the stranger could be, knowing that, at least, one person in the car knew more about him than he was in the habit of telling. "But, that was a funny thing for me to do. It's a good thing I didn't stop to reason, that time," he added; "I had to take some forceful, determined plunge or the smoker car surely would have had me. Thank goodness the tobacco is gone."

"This book," he remarked as he drew it forth again, "mother

wanted me to have." Pulling out his fountain pen he wrote, "From mother to Clifford, June 13, 19—" Turning to the first chapter, he read: "I Nephi, having been born of goodly parents." This was underlined by Clifford's father. "Yes, I, too, was born of goodly parents." The marking in the next chapter attracted his attention, "And it came to pass that I, Nephi, being exceedingly young, nevertheless being large of stature, and also having great desires to know of the mysteries of God." Clifford repeated, "Great desires. Have I ever had great desires to know of the mysteries of God?" He read again, "wherefore, I did cry unto the Lord; and behold, he did visit me, and did *soften* my heart that I did *believe* all the words spoken by *my father*; wherefore, I did not *rebel* against him—and it came to pass that the Lord spake unto me saying, blessed art thou, Nephi, because of thy *faith* for thou hast *sought me diligently with lowliness of heart*." The young man read it again, pausing on the strong words. The third chapter was marked, but especially this verse, "And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father, I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men save he shall prepare the way for them, that they may accomplish the thing which he hath commanded them. And it came to pass that when my father had heard these words, he was exceedingly glad for he knew that I had been blessed of the Lord." Then Clifford exclaimed, "Nephi surely wrote those words for me! Tonight they seem to make a personal appeal. Still I can remember that I heard them when a boy."

Again he turned the pages, reading anxiously here and there as he found in verses marked. "I know what I'll do," he finally resolutely declared, "today—father's birthday—I'll read every passage he marked. Then, when I write to mother, I'll tell her what I've done." Resolutely and determinedly, as was his nature, he settled down anxiously with a real man's job before him. "If I do all this today," he finally declared, "I certainly won't have time for the smoking car."

Then he read, and it seemed to fit his case, "For God is the same yesterday, today and forever; and the way is prepared for all men from the foundation of the world; if it so be that they *repent and come unto him*—for he that diligently seeketh shall find, and the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto him by the power of the Holy Ghost, as well in these times as in times of old, as in times to come. Therefore remember, O man, for all thy doing thou shalt be brought into judgment. Wherefore if you have sought to do wickedly, in the days of your probation, then ye are found unclean before the judgment seat of God: *and no unclean thing can dwell with God*."

"These quotations seem to burn right in," he declared. "Let's see, I've had college English No's 1, 2, 3, 6, and 87, but with all these five courses, I remember no writer with such instilling sentiments, have found no bards or sages flashing more brilliant gleams for a higher life upon the soul of another than do these former Americans.

They certainly possessed divine inspiration. I guess Edith is right. I have ceased cultivating the spot of religious ground given me to till. I have let higher culture purposely deaden my desires for sacred things, needlessly so. I am beginning to see it all. I remember Emerson's thought on this subject, 'It takes a divine man to exhibit anything divine.' I am sure that my every attitude of life has been intensely human. I have courted that which I have willed to master, and in so doing, I have striven to leave God out. Others could see and warned me kindly, but nevertheless I forged on recklessly, giving heed only where it best suited my own selfish ambitions. I can now see that strict conformity to society's strong, enticing hand is but an act of conspiracy against one's manhood. Even tonight, and now, as we speed through the dark country, yonder smoking car, its gray mist and half-witty yarns, is reaching toward me, beckoning, supplicating, urging enticingly that a worthy cause be set aside, that I come join the crowd. Such apologies have ever disturbed any desire toward religious sentiments."

With each new passage as he read his book, there came flooding before him the various forces that stand responsible for present-day society and its culture. Page after page he hurried forward, reading soul-striking thoughts from the pen of men who knew how to touch the better part of their fellows. He began to feel, more and more, that the forks of the road of life were at hand. This night he must make a choice. He saw plainly the higher road, saw its upgrade, but also felt the joy of attainment; he saw the shallow and swiftly fleeting pleasures of the other and read with concern its final ending. He knew he was not mistaken about his present desires, but what would they be on the morrow? Just then the words of Emerson came pounding into his ears, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

"Cache Junction—Cache Junction," called the conductor. Great guns," the young man exclaimed, as he caught the dim outlines of the mountains in the darkness, "I was to try and see Bear River canyon, and here we are past it." The stop here was very brief, then on they hurried, crossing Bear River and steaming toward Pocatello, past fertile valleys and rounded mountains. Again Clifford read, "And my soul hungered, and I kneeled down before my maker, and I cried unto him in mighty prayer and supplication for my own soul; and all the day long did I cry unto him; yea, and when the night came, I did still raise my voice high that it reached the heavens. And there came a voice unto me saying, Enos, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou shalt be blessed."

"I wonder," Clifford reasoned as he found whole groups of underlined declarations, "I wonder why, when I do go to Church, I never hear any of this material read by the preachers? If when I return, they

should happen to call upon me, I'm sure I could at least read some of these quotations and say, Amen!"

For the next two hours Clifford read on and on, marveling at the insight of his father to pick so choice material. "Mother declared she had read the book several times; and Edith was reading it last winter, and often seemed brimming over when I called and tried to explain how she felt, but I only laughed at her foolish emotions. Women certainly have the patience of Job," he declared.

"Pocatello—Pocatello. Change cars for American Falls and all points west. This train leaves here for Yellowstone at 8:45 a. m.," the conductor announced. Clifford pulled out his watch, 5:42 a. m.—"And leave at 8:45 a. m.—let's see—Great Caesar—three hours! I was told they lay over, but had no idea they stayed over. Well, I'll read some more and then I'll write the folks." Sometime later when Cliff looked about, the gentleman from the rear seat was gone, but as his case and other things were there, he was sure to return again. For some reason or other, young Bates felt glad his friend was returning to continue the journey. His hope was that they would be together at least to Idaho Falls, where he himself changed for the North.

Cliff now dug into his lunch box again. That terrible feeling had returned with the fresh smell of tobacco. But so determined was he by now, that this time he came through easier. "I'll make it," he declared. He had just finished his lunch when his friend returned. They exchanged opinions about the morning, the yards, the growing city, the outlook for work and a number of other matters. Clifford liked the man's self-reserve and frankness. They talked about the past night but not the tobacco incident. Young Bates learned that his friend was just returning from a June M. I. A. Conference at Salt Lake City. "Are you off for the Park?" he finally requested of Cliff, who as yet said nothing of his own destination.

"No, I'm on the way to the Salmon mining country," began Clifford, feeling now that he had a right to let the gentleman into more details of his life. "I just finished my third year at the university and am out after enough money to return and graduate. You see, mother is a widow, and I must pretty well pay my own way. I thought by coming off up here, I'd be able to save much more than if I stayed in Salt Lake City. Now that I know you are a 'Mormon,' why—I am, too, but I guess, it would be more correct to say my folks all are. Since father died, five years ago, I seem to have lost out—"

"But," threw in his friend, "I have seen you intently reading the Book of Mormon all night. You must be a better Saint than you give credit to yourself!"

"No, I'm not. Well—I am more of a Saint today than I was yesterday. The book and mother and—a young lady friend are responsible for my change. This book certainly is wonderful! I suppose you have read it?"

"Yes, yes, a number of times. It has had the same transforming

influence in my life as you declare it is having in yours. Have you ever read the promise in the last chapter? Let me see your book, and I'll read it to you. I have put the verse to a test; it was while I was in England on a mission. Well, here it is, 'And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost; and by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things.' "

"No, I hadn't read that. Let me see. Has father underlined it? I should say he has. It seems perfectly good doctrine, doesn't it?" So Clifford and Mr. M—, for they now surely were acquainted, talked on. Finally the conversation returned to Clifford and his work. "I own a big ranch on the stage line out of Idaho Falls," began Mr. M—, "I shall soon be, in fact I am now, in need of one or two men to help with the hay. But during the heading period, I have a regular crew. I'll give you a job if you want it, beginning tomorrow. I don't know how you will take to such a proposition, but I am sure by Fall you will come out with as much money as if you go to the mines."

The pleasant thought of so splendid a change in affairs, almost overcame Clifford with its abruptness. "Want it?" he half echoed, "I should say I do. And if you feel to try me out, you'll find me doing my best. Then, moreover, I can get a little needed help from you along other lines. If I go to the mines and find my old chums, why—well, it surely would tax me to the utmost, regarding my resolutions."

The deal being closed, Clifford Bates swung off the car hurriedly. At the station he wrote a brief synopsis of the past night, letting mother and Edith into the very secrets of his heart. A moment later the letters were safely in the mail car of a train that was just ready to speed for Salt Lake City. "I'm rather lucky all around. The buying of my ticket on the excursion rates to Idaho Falls was just right. I have saved the mileage on the other one hundred sixty miles. Then the meeting with Mr. M—, getting a ranch job—good home-cooked meals all Summer—Sundays off—time to read my book, for I certainly will test it out."

As he walked happily toward his car, he felt a "new birth of freedom." He seemed to be the center of all that was worth while. "I see life from a new angle," he assured himself, "and the force back of it all is that book—mother's tear—Edith!"

Give Us Vision

Our God, give us vision and, wisdom in viewing
 Our trials that loom mountains high,
 E'er to know 'tis the furnace that's wielding
 To make riches no money can buy.

HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL

A SACRED PLACE

BY DR. J. ORVAL ELLSWORTH, OKLAHOMA A. AND M. COLLEGE

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This statement may fittingly be applied to certain places on the American continent. The "Mountain of God" was sacred to the ancients. From Horeb, or Mount Sinai, God spoke to Moses and sent him to deliver Israel from the bondage of the Egyptians. From the woods of central New York, God spoke to Joseph Smith and sent him forth, endowed with the holy Priesthood and the same authority as given to Moses, to deliver all mankind from the bondage of Satan.

The modern Christian has developed a veneration for certain places of early ecclesiastical importance. To visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land is the fondest dream of many. Time and distance add to the significance of such places. The statement of the Savior, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," applies equally well to places. A place must be far away and relatively inaccessible to be appreciated. Those who live the nearest are frequently the last to make the visit.

One thousand years hence, in a land far from our own, honest souls may pray for and look forward to the privilege of visiting the only place on earth where God the Father has appeared in person to one of his children on the earth. The Bible and the Book of Mormon tell of the voice of the Father being heard in approval and in introduction of his Son. To the last dispensation, however, was left the singular distinction of recording the Father's divine appearance to man.

Many people and even many members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints pass near the "Sacred Grove," at Palmyra, New York, without visiting that "Shrine of Shrines," that most sacred of sacred places. Yearly, thousands pass near the place where less than one hundred years ago "The God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people."

Ninety-seven years ago, in the farm house of Peter Whitmer, the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints took place. In the years since April 6, 1830, many people have visited that sacred place. However, only within the past year has the old farm been purchased by the Church, which incident should and will stimulate enthusiasm in the birthplace of "Mormonism."

The Whitmer farm was the scene of the first public sermon of this dispensation, preached in the authority of the holy Priesthood by Oliver Cowdery, April 11, 1830. The first conference of the Church was held there, June 9, 1830, and the second conference was



Top: The front of the Peter Whitmer home, in which it is probable the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized on April 6, 1830. Note the attic offset projecting to the front, at one time supported by New England style pillars. Also observe near the eaves to the right, small attic windows of rooms possibly used to accommodate the Saints who attended the early conferences of the Church. The house faces the south. The picture was taken looking north.

Bottom: Rear and side view of the Whitmer home looking southeast. Note the apparent spaciousness of the building, also the drain pipes used to preserve the rain water falling on the roof.

held in the same place, Sept, 26, 1830. The revelations in twenty-two sections of the Doctrine and Covenants were received while the Prophet was a guest of the Whitmers.

The Whitmer home served as a haven to the Prophet, his wife and

Oliver Cowdery when, in June, 1829, they were forced by persecution to leave Harmony, Pennsylvania. The Whitmers gladly extended every courtesy. Not only did they contribute lodging and food, but members of the family aided as scribes in the completing of the translation of the Book of Mormon. Other incidents which happened at the Whitmer farm include the visit of Moroni to the three witnesses.

Although conclusive evidence has not yet been established as to the exact identity of the house in which the Church was organized, conditions favor the house now standing as the place. Broken dishes and pottery, together with an old well, indicate that at one time another house stood about one hundred feet to the southwest of the present building. The first house on such a pioneer farm was in all probability far inferior to the present structure. The fact that Peter Whitmer purchased the one hundred acres, March 7, 1827, for the small sum of five hundred dollars (\$500),* only two years previous to the visit of the Prophet, and sold the place four years later for two thousand, two hundred dollars (\$2,200)** suggests that the industry of Peter Whitmer, his wife and eight children, stimulated by the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, was responsible for the increase in value of the place, and as a part of the improvements erected the buildings which are still in good condition. The present house, with the New England style pillars (since removed) extending from the foundation to the gable, undoubtedly was a real mansion in its day.

Another significant condition favoring the present building as the one in which the Church was organized is, that in addition to housing the Whitmer family of ten, the Prophet, his wife and parents, other members of his father's family, Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris were all entertained for a considerable length of time. No small place could have accommodated the first and second conferences of the Church. At the latter conference probably most of the then sixty-two members were present:

Peter Whitmer sold the farm April 1, 1831, and moved with the Saints to Kirtland, Ohio.

Stillwater, Oklahoma.

**Seneca County Book of Deeds S.*, p. 567. Purchased from Moses Miller.

**April 1, 1831, to Charles Stuart, *Book of Deeds W.*, p. 318.

Life's Battle

Life's battle line is surging—
 Springing forth to meet the foe!
 And Good is stamping out the Ill,
 And crushing pain and woe!

Right's banners flutter in the breeze,
 Triumphant on the field!
 And Love and Peace together work,
 And n'er to Evil yield!

WESTON N. NORDGRAN

THE WHITMER HOME

A New Addition to the Church's Collection of Historic Places

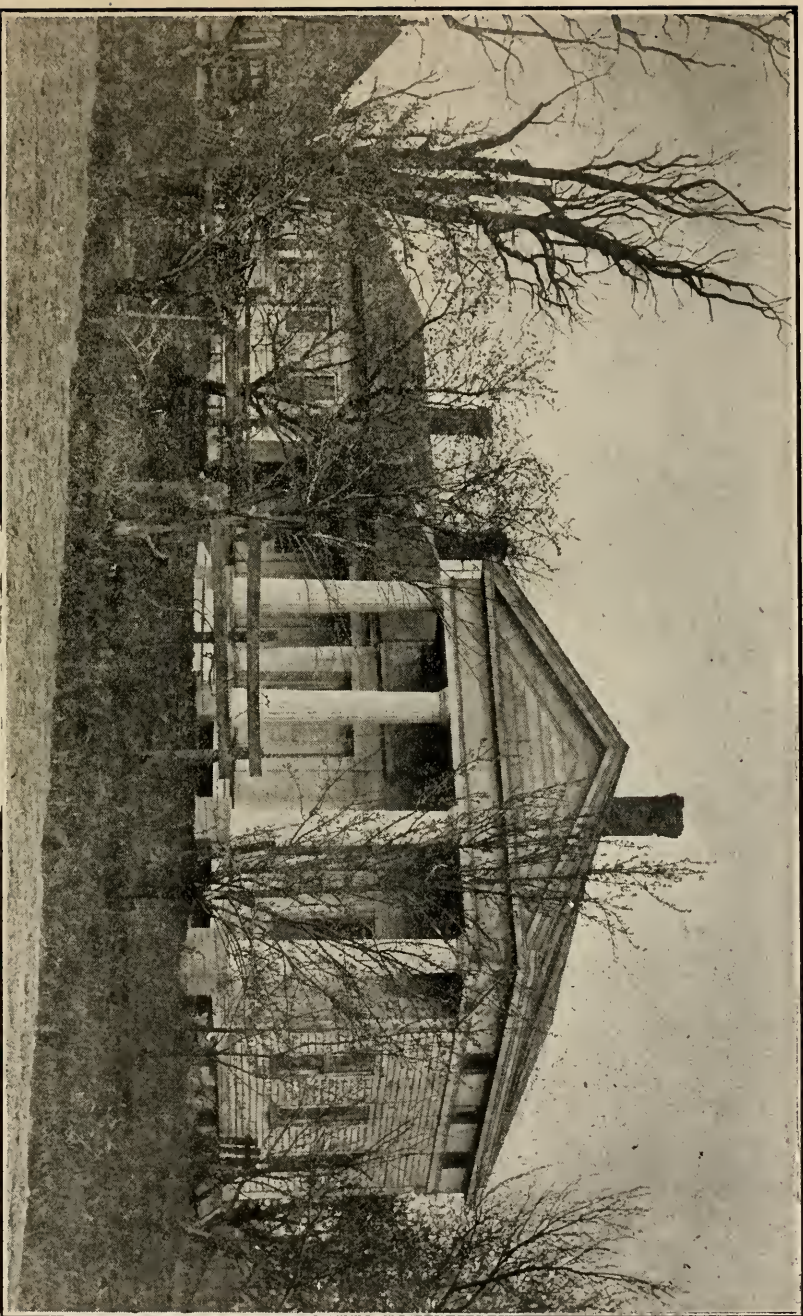
BY E. CECIL MCGAVIN, PRINCIPAL L. D. S. SEMINARY, BEAVER

The purchase last Fall, by the Church, of the "Old Whitmer Home" adds another shrine to the collection of places hallowed by the presence of the valiant souls who laid the foundations of this latter-day work.

The Whitmer farmstead, with its old humble cottage, neighboring woods, streams and lake, is not one whit behind the Smith farm at Vermont, the Joseph Smith farm at Palmyra, Carthage, Kirtland, Independence, Nauvoo and other places made sacred by the lives and deaths of the Saints of God. This historic spot, in the little town of Fayette, Seneca county, New York, has been the eye witness of many of the most miraculous manifestations that have been portrayed upon this sphere, not excluding the thunderings upon Mt. Sinai, the transit of the Israelites over the dry stones of a treacherous stream, or other acts in which the supernatural intervened in the affairs of men.

One hundred seventeen years ago Peter Whitmer made the purchase of the same homestead that the Church has recently acquired. (See Frontispiece *Era*, December, 1926; also pp. 174-179.) From 1809 until 1831, when the loyal family left their peaceful home, casting their lot with the persecuted Saints of Missouri, many stirring events have transpired to endear that spot to the hearts of Church members of a later generation.

While the work of translating was progressing in Harmony, Pennsylvania, the work of the adversary was also making rapid advancement. Martin Harris had permitted the 116 pages of manuscript which the Prophet had dictated to fall into the hands of evil men, who sought the destruction of Joseph Smith. Plans were now made for further interference with the work of the Lord. Oliver Cowdery, the scribe, realizing this danger, wrote to his friend, David Whitmer, at Fayette, requesting him to come and take Joseph Smith and himself to the Whitmer home. Oliver had previously corresponded with David about the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and the latter's interest was very much aroused in the new subject. This message was received early in June, 1829. Of this incident David later relates, "I did not know what to do. I was pressed with my work. I had some twenty acres to plow, so I concluded to finish plowing and then go. I got up one morning to go to work as usual, and upon going to the field, found between five and seven acres of my ground had been plowed during the night. I do not know who did it, but it was done just as I would have done it myself, and the plow was left standing in the furrow.



THE WHITMER FARM

Where the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was legally organized, April 6, 1830; parts of the Book of Mormon were translated; the three special witnesses viewed the plates, and a number of revelations, recorded in the D. and C., were given.

This account was related to Elders Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith forty years after David left the Church.

Of the same event Geo. Q. Cannon further adds that on another occasion David found, at the close of a day's harrowing, he had accomplished more in a few hours than he had usually been able to do in two or three days. At a later day he discovered, upon going to the field to spread some plaster which had previously been placed in heaps preparatory to scattering, that the work had already been done, just as he would have done it himself. He inquired of his sister, who lived near the field, whether she had noticed any one working there the day before. She replied that she had seen three men at work, but supposing that he had employed them, said nothing about it, though she observed that they labored with unusual skill and rapidity.

By means of this unusual assistance he was soon able to depart for Harmony, returning with Joseph and Oliver. Joseph's family was later moved to Fayette. Very soon after their arrival at the Whitmer home, the three Whitmer sons, David, Peter and John, were desirous of knowing their respective duties, and begged Joseph to inquire of the Lord concerning them. He did so through the Urim and Thummim, and received the revelations recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants, sections 14, 15 and 16. In all, about twenty revelations now compiled in the Doctrine and Covenants were received in the home of Peter Whitmer, Sen.

Within a month after the Prophet's arrival, Hyrum Smith, David and Peter Whitmer were baptized in Seneca lake near Fayette. As the work of translation progressed, Joseph ascertained that "Three special Witnesses" were to be provided by the Lord to see the plates and bear record of the same. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, being desirous to be these special witnesses, received the promise by revelation, through Joseph, that they should have a view of the plates, and also the breast plate, and sword of Laban, and the Urim and Thummim, the miraculous directors.

A few days later the promise was fulfilled. The place to which the chosen witnesses repaired for this manifestation was a grove "convenient to the house of Peter Whitmer," says Joseph. Of the vision, he also writes: "We beheld a light above us, in the air, of exceeding brightness, and behold an angel stood before us. In his hands he held the plates which we had been praying for these to have a view of. He turned over the leaves one by one so that we could see them, and discern the engraving thereon distinctly. He then addressed himself to David Whitmer and said, 'David, blessed is the Lord, and he that keeps his commandments,' when immediately afterwards we heard a voice from out the bright light above us, saying, 'These plates have been revealed by the power of God. The translation which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you have seen and heard.'"

After Section 17 had been received, promising the Three Wit-

nesses an opportunity of viewing the plates, Joseph and Oliver became anxious to receive the Melchizedek Priesthood, as promised to them by John the Baptist when he conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood. They, together with David Whitmer, made this a subject of earnest prayer. While thus engaged in a secluded chamber in the Whitmer house, the word of the Lord came to them, commanding Joseph and Oliver to ordain each other Elders, and then ordain others to the same office as the Spirit should direct. This ordination was not to take place, however, until the Church was organized, and the members had an opportunity of sanctioning the action by their vote. This opportunity was soon granted. On Tuesday, April 6, 1830, the Church was organized. The laws of the state of New York required that six persons must be united in a religious society before the same could be legally organized. Though a few more persons had been previously baptized, the following subscribed their names, and the Church of Christ was formally organized: Joseph Smith Jr., Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Samuel H. Smith and David Whitmer.

Joseph and Oliver ordained each other Elders—the first Elders in the Church. They then laid hands upon all the baptized members present, that “they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost and be confirmed members of the Church.” The Holy Ghost was poured out upon them abundantly; some prophesied, “and all praised the Lord and rejoiced exceedingly,” writes the Prophet Joseph. Thus was organized, under the roof of the Whitmer house, the Church of Christ in the last days—an event awaited for centuries by an anxious world.

The first time for centuries that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered under the direction of the Holy Priesthood was in this same house, to an audience of humble truth seekers.

The following Sunday, April 11, an interesting meeting was held in the Whitmer house, at which the first public discourse preached by any Elder of this Dispensation was delivered by Oliver Cowdery. “Large numbers of people attended” this meeting, following which these persons were baptized in Seneca Lake, by Oliver: Hiram Page, Catherine Page, Christian Whitmer, Anne Whitmer, Jacob and Elizabeth Whitmer. The following Sunday Oliver baptized seven more in the same lake.

During the Prophet's lengthy sojourn at the Whitmer home he was given every courtesy and comfort the humble cottage afforded. He and his associates were boarded gratis by their hospitable host and hostess. Joseph partook of the Whitmer hospitality until the Book of Mormon was translated and in the hands of the printer.

In the same house the words of Moses and the prophecy of Enoch, published in the Pearl of Great Price, were revealed to the young Prophet.

In May, 1829, Newel Knight, visiting the Whitmer home, was baptized by David Whitmer. Later, Edward Partridge, and scores of

others destined to become leaders in the Church, received baptism in the river or lake neighboring the Whitmer farm.

In June, three months after the Church was organized, the first conference was held at Fayette, possibly in the same interesting house, since the membership in the Church at the time of the first conference was only twenty-seven, while at a previous meeting in that house, "large numbers of people attended," wrote the Prophet. At this conference, brethren were ordained to the Priesthood; the Holy Ghost was poured out upon them in a miraculous manner; many of the Saints prophesied, while others beheld heavenly visions.

The second and third conferences were also held in the town of Fayette, the fourth and subsequent ones convening in Kirtland and other western towns.

By 1831, the Whitmers and other loyal "Mormon" families moved from Fayette, while the many inspiring scenes the little town had experienced were repeated only in cherished memories.

There is a melancholy atmosphere of tragic gloom, shrouding the very name "Whitmer," because of the outcome of two of the sons, bearing that venerable name. David, though one of the "Special Witnesses," privileged to behold the vision of the immortal Moroni with the Golden Plates, turning them leaf by leaf; was inspired by angelic words from Moroni and from the Lord himself in individual revelations through the Prophet Joseph; yet died outside the Church—un-numbered with the Saints.

John, the third son of Peter Whitmer, had a most auspicious beginning. He was secretary to the Prophet, accompanying him to Colesville, Broom county, New York, where a branch of the Church was organized; was Church Historian; went with Oliver Cowdery, in 1831, to Jackson county, Missouri, to direct the publication of the Book of Commandments, and was one of the eight witnesses of the Book of Mormon. Yet as the Stream of Time, in her surging, conquering onslaught, overtook him, he fell as a broken reed in the flood's full ebb and was carried along the crowded channel of least resistance, finding an untimely grave—his only rest, outside the fold of Christ.

The Pilgrim of today need not search out the pasture land of Jethro's and marvel at the hallowed land surrounding the spot where the Lord appeared in the burning bush: shrines of greater glory are in our own land.

The sacred spots of unpretentious simplicity now possessed by the Church can do much to engender an appreciation for the work of our noble predecessors in the cause of truth.

Every portion of the Whitmer farm, from the "chamber" to the woods "convenient" to the house, are reminiscent of hallowed associations and heavenly manifestations. This is one spot indeed where there are "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing." So many places in the little town of Fayette, and especially on the farm of Peter Whitmer, have been

made sacred by the condescension of heavenly messengers to commune with trembling humanity, that the place will become a Mecca—a sacred spot where the man of purity may commune in retrospection with the train of supernal beings whose numerous visits have hallowed the land. It requires no Poe to catch the message of divinity that is wafted by the breeze from the near-by lake, in which the vanguard of Saints were made partakers of the “heavenly gift;” from yonder grove, in which the Keeper of the Golden Record exhibited his precious collection to the chosen Three.

The mention here of the statement of Governor Thomas Ford, in his *History of Illinois*, will be appropriate. He says:

“The Christian world, which has hitherto regarded ‘Mormonism’ with silent contempt, unhappily may have cause to fear its rapid increase. Modern sociology is full of material for such a religion. At the death of the Prophet, fourteen years after the organization of the first ‘Mormon’ Church, the ‘Mormons’ in all the world numbered about 200,000* souls. A number equal perhaps to the number of Christians when the Christian Church was of the same age. It is to be feared that in the course of a century some gifted man like Paul, some splendid orator, who will be able by his eloquence to attract crowds of the thousands who are ever ready to hear, and be carried away by the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of sparkling oratory, may command a hearing, may succeed in bringing a new life into this modern Mohamedanism and make the mighty name of the martyred Joseph ring as loud, and stir the souls of men as much, as the mighty name of Christ itself. Sharon, Palmyra, Manchester, Kirtland, Far West, Adam-ondi-ahman, Ramus, Nauvoo, and Carthage Jail may become holy and venerable names, places of classic interest in another age; like Jerusalem, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives and Mount Calvary to the Christian, and Mecca and Medina to the Turk. And in that event the author of this history feels degraded by the reflection that the humble governor of an obscure state stands a fair chance, like Pilot and Herod, by their official connection with the true religion, of being dragged down to posterity with an immortal name hitched to the name of a miserable imposter. There may be those whose ambitions would lead them to desire an immortal name in history even in these humble terms, I am not of that number.”

Fayette, the domicile of the Whitmers, may well be numbered with the above list of sacred shrines, each destined to become a Mecca to the Saints of God, if not to the world.

Beaver, Utah.

*This is an error; the Church numbered between 20,000 and 30,000 souls.—Ed.

My Prayer

O guide me in paths of thy choosing, dear Lord,
And make my way clear now, I pray;
O help me to throw off the fetters of sin
That bind me and hold me today.

May I have desires for naught but to serve,
And help spread the truth's shining light;
A bearer of tidings of peace and of joy;
My weakness make strong with thy might.

HELEN KIMBALL ORGILL

Raymond, Canada

THE ENGRAVING OF THE THREE WITNESSES

BY JUNIUS F. WELLS

(See Frontispiece)

When it was proposed to devote much space of the September number of the *Improvement Era* this year to the Book of Mormon, it occurred to me that a suitable frontispiece for the number would be a reproduction of the steel engraving, which I had made to accompany the narrative, "History of the Book of Mormon," by Elder George Reynolds, published in *The Contributor*, volume five, year 1883-4. The photo-engraving copy here used is two-thirds the size of the original steel engraving. The editorial description of the engraving and interesting account of its production, more than forty years ago, ran about as follows:

When we first thought of procuring an engraving of The Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon for publication in *The Contributor*, little difficulty was anticipated. It was supposed that their likenesses could be readily obtained and that their autographs and biographical information would be in possession of old-time friends and relatives then living. It was not long, however, before we discovered that such was not the case; and that so far from the materials, necessary to form the interesting group, being readily at hand, we would succeed in procuring them only after the most careful inquiry and persistent effort should be made.

There was no delay or trouble in getting David Whitmer's portrait, for a very fine one had been made in 1877 for publication in a county history of Missouri, a copy of which had been brought to Utah, in 1878, by President Joseph F. Smith and photographed. Martin Harris, after coming to Utah and locating here with his family, had a photograph taken, in 1871, by C. R. Savage, copies of which were kindly furnished by Martin Harris, Jr., of Smithfield, Cache county, and Edward Stevenson, of Salt Lake City, who was chiefly instrumental in bringing Martin Harris, the witness, to Utah.

Oliver Cowdery's sister living in Utah, we learned, knew nothing of his later life; had no letter or portraits, and was not in correspondence with any of his family. She, however, remembered that an oil painting had been made of her brother when he was in Missouri, about 1837. This clew we followed up by a series of correspondence with relatives of the Whitmer's, and through them learned that Oliver Cowdery's widow, David Whitmer's sister, was living with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Johnson, somewhere in the southwestern part of Missouri.

Through the correspondence of Elder John Morgan, with some

friends of Mrs. Cowdery, it was ascertained that a daguerreotype had been taken of Oliver four years before his death, 1846, and that it, as well as the oil painting, was in possession of his daughter. These friends undertook to procure either one or the other of the likenesses for us to use, and were sure of success. Mrs. Johnson was approached upon the matter, and quite readily consented to loan the daguerreotype, which is much the better portrait; her mother was also agreeable, and we received the encouraging information from Elder Morgan that the picture would be at our command in a few days.

In the meantime, to make sure of getting it, and hearing from a relative of the Whitmer family, Mr. Vancleave, of Chicago, that Dr. Charles Johnson, who controlled the likenesses, was opposed to letting them go to Utah, we solicited, by courtesy of President Joseph F. Smith, that gentleman's aid, and felt sure that success would soon reward our efforts. These too sanguine hopes were soon shattered; the Doctor set his foot down upon the project and absolutely refused to permit either of the portraits to be used, especially by a Utah "Mormon," as he in his politest moods called us. His wife wrote that "the Doctor has set himself against it, and that is the end of the matter."

By this time the mere desire to procure a plate of the Three Witnesses for a frontispiece to the magazine was supplanted by a sense of religious duty to rescue from oblivion and possible destruction the only portraits of those honored men, whose early history is so wonderfully interesting to every member of the Church now, and will be forever. The difficulties presented to the accomplishment of this purpose only intensified our determination to succeed.

The assistance of Elder James H. Hart, father of President Charles H. Hart, was therefore secured, and he proceeded in his characteristically cool and vigorous manner to the successful issue which crowned his labors, and which he narrates in highly interesting correspondence to the Territorial press. The following is extracted from letters received from him:

"I went first to Richmond under the impression that Dr. Johnson might have returned there from Seneca where he had been living. On arriving I learned that he had moved to South West City, twenty-eight miles south of Seneca, with no railroad communication. I therefore returned to Kansas City, thence to the extreme south-west corner of Missouri, passing through the north-east corner of the Indian Territory via Vinita. Knowing the determined opposition of Dr. Johnson, David Whitmer assured me, before leaving, that my journey would be in vain.

"The doctor was at first quite hostile, but after laboring with him several hours, during which his wife and Mrs. Cowdery warmly seconded my pleading, some kind spirit came upon him and he gave me the choice between the oil painting and the daguerreotype. I chose the latter, and placed it in the hands of the engravers. Before I left, the same spirit led the doctor to say he thought perhaps he would go west and locate in the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. Johnson also gave me her father's autograph."

The likeness procured was taken when Oliver was about forty-two years of age. It has been submitted to the inspection of several

old acquaintances, and is uniformly pronounced by them to be an excellent portrait. Some of these at once recognized the face, though they had not seen the original for over forty years, and remarked that the striking features of his countenance were vividly and accurately preserved.

The only portraits now in existence of Oliver Cowdery are copied from this engraving, as Dr. Johnson's house was burned and the originals were then lost, soon after Elder Hart was there. The best of these copies is an oil painting, made by the artist, Will Clawson. It is hung in the Joseph Smith Memorial Cottage in Vermont. A photograph of the painting may be seen among the historical portraits of the Church Historian's office.

The resemblance of the portraits of David Whitmer and Martin Harris was readily recognized and applauded by all who knew them. They agreed in testifying to the excellent portraits and superb workmanship of the engraving.

The Hill Cumorah is a reproduction of a fine photograph which Apostle Franklin D. Richards had taken during his visit there in 1876. It will be observed that there were six or seven large trees standing on the hill at that time. They disappeared a few years afterwards, leaving the headland of the hill quite bare. The group seen upon the hillside consists of Elder Richards, his wife, sons, Lorenzo and Charles, and Joseph A. West, besides the owner of the ground. The owner stated to them that they were standing around the spot indicated by Joseph Smith to his father, as the place from which the plates were taken. It is on the west side of the hill, near the north end, not far from the top; exactly corresponding to the written statement of the Prophet, upon the subject, and the repeated testimony of the witnesses.

The figures selected as embellishment of this historic engraving were drawn to illustrate Scriptural texts by the artist, Dan Weggeland. The one on the left represents the angel of the restoration, agreeable to the words of John the Revelator: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth." The drapery of the figure, so far as the garment is concerned, is drawn according to the description of the costume of the angel that visited Joseph Smith on the night of September 21, 1823. The group on the right is intended as a reminder of the appearance of Moroni, the custodian of the plates, to the Witnesses, at the time they had retired to the woods near Waterloo, New York, and besought the Lord for that wonderful vision, which, being granted, has distinguished them for all time to come. The expression of their faces is designed to illustrate the text from the Testimony which reads as follows: "And it is marvelous in our eyes."

The union of the sticks of Joseph and Judah is fully predicted in the writings of the prophets. (Ezekiel 37:16-20.)

The engraving, it thus appears, was procured after much labor and expense in getting the portraits and drawings. The work was done

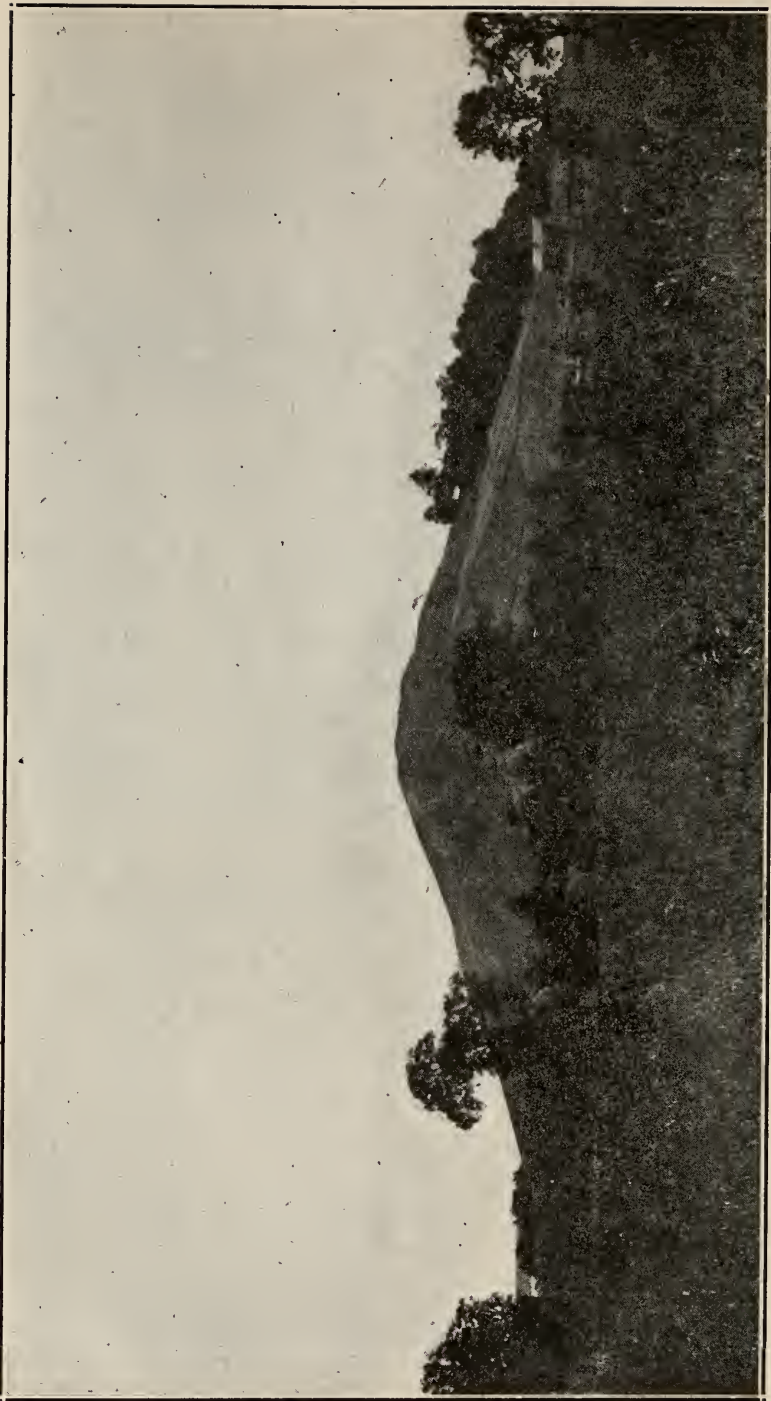
by Hall & Son's, New York, and the original is as fine as could be executed by the best engravers on steel. The picture was intended as a souvenir of the glorious events attending the restoration of the gospel to the earth, and more especially the bringing forth of the sacred records that testify of God's dealings which his children upon this continent in early times. As such it was respectfully dedicated to the Latter-day Saints in all the world.*

*And as such it is reproduced as a most fitting frontispiece in this number of the *Improvement Era*, devoted to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the plates, containing the untranslated text of the Book of Mormon, to the Prophet Joseph Smith.—*Editors*.

Memories of Cumorah

O little hill, thy name scarce known,	Tell of Moroni on thy crest,
Had'st thou but tongue to tell	Mourning for friend and foe;
How on thy slopes,	Custodian great,
'Midst forlorn hopes,	Of inscribed plate,
The Jaredites in thousands fell,	He brought, and there did bury low
Till none were left to mourn.	And hide within thy breast.
Thou could'st recount the story true,	Of all the scenes thou could'st unfold
That sad and awful end,	To us, we'd like this best:
Of Nephi's race,	When thou did'st yield,
Upon thy face;	To guard and shield,
With prophet, relative, and friend,	To Joseph Smith, at God's behest,
All slain within thy view.	Those treasured plates of gold.

One hundred years have passed away
 And gone beyond recall;
 Yet our bosoms swell,
 When'er we tell
 Of TRUTH restored for one and all
 In God's appointed way.



"I made this record out of the plates of Nephi, and hid up in the hill Cumorah all the records which had been entrusted to me by the hand of the Lord."—Mormon 6:6.

THE MIRACULOUS BOOK OF MORMON

Last of all the holy priesthood on the Western Hemisphere,
Was Moroni, of the Nephites, an historian and seer,
Who a record had completed by commandment of the Lord
That, in time remote, its treasures to the world should be restored.

With the ancient Urim-Thummim, their full meaning to portray,
These engraven plates of Mormon in a book he cached away,
Where upon the hill Cumorah, while the scroll of time unrolled,
From all vandals God preserved it that it should his laws unfold—

As the history and doctrines of a people passed away;
And to kindred tribes remaining—living witnesses today—
To reveal that the Messiah, in this Western Hemisphere,
Visited a Hebrew people, and his Church established here:

And upon the western continent, o'er all its vast domain,
Spreads the glory of the Gospel through a long and peaceful reign,
Till satanic powers inveighed them, making conquests o'er and o'er,
While they sank in the dark ages of an internecine war,

And rebellious against Heaven, as recalcitrants assumed
The hopeless life of plunderers by strife o'erthrown and doomed,
Lost their once enlightened culture, till their tribes and petty chiefs
Were the prey of superstitions, and the slaves of their beliefs.

When the Lord had made conditions ready for his plans divine,
For the glory of the Gospel o'er the world to rise and shine,
Lo! an angel came from Heaven, flying the ethereal main,
And announcing that the Gospel he had brought to earth again.

Resurrected and immortal, in the glory of his sphere,
Thus Moroni, now an angel, came to teach a youthful seer—
Taught him truths of earth and heaven, and endowed him while a youth
With the holy gifts of knowledge glorified by light and truth,

And implanted in a guileless soul the attributes refined,
That encompassed all requirements for a seer's prophetic mind—
Mind that visioned past and present, ev'rything both new and old,
And previsioned yet the future all its wonders to unfold—

Taught him of the restoration, of the holy book to be
Liberty's great harbinger to set the groping nations free—
And that God to him had given the endowment to translate
Sacred truths by Jesus given for uplifting man's estate—

Taught him how the Holy Spirit, in all tasks that we pursue,
Voices through the mind God's will revealing how his will to do;
And that ever for God's people present revelation brings
Knowledge and concurrent wisdom from which all progression springs.

Picture to yourself this pupil, called of God and foreordained:
By the holy Spirit guided, by a holy angel trained;
A co-worker in the Gospel, inspired ever in its love,
Seeing through the Spirit's vision even God and heaven above—

Scan his opportunities and measure him among his peers;
Measure talents by results within a century of years;
And prevision in the future on man's greatest monolith
An inscription that shall name—The Seer and Prophet Joseph Smith.

Through the years of his instruction Joseph ever learned to look
Forward to the call God gave him to translate this holy book,—
Learned its meaning from Moroni, learned its brief engraven signs,
In the hieratic symbols of an ancient people's lines,—

Viewed them by his inspiration through a seer's interpreters
That translates a writer's thought and to a seer this thought confers;
Wondered, pondered o'er its purpose, speaking from its ancient dust—
Till permitted to receive it as from God a precious trust.

Vision now the young translator in a task entirely new,
Moved upon by inspiration his strange labor to pursue;
In a way unknown to linguists, and by science never wrought—
Called to read an unknown language into truthful modern thought,

To his scribe he gave each sentence, page by page its text was shown,
Thus a miracle accomplished made the Book of Mormon known,
Ready for its first edition to be published and unfurled—
God's imperial announcement of his gospel to the world!

What must be the grand summary of again revealing truth
Other than that truth eternal God again reveals, forsooth,
To remove the bonds of error, and his law to reinstate
Where the perverse mind of man has banished love, and fostered hate.

In a holy dispensation of his great eternal plan,
God employs his ordained angels and reveals himself to man.
Through predestined seers and prophets he declares his mighty sway
And foretells the future glory of the earth's millennial day.

So began the restoration of the Gospel's gifts and powers,
Made complete by other angels who conferred official dowers:
And through vision and authority affirmed direct from God,
In the Church of Jesus Christ, again with all endowments broad,

Is the Priesthood in its quorums, set in order to control,
With a century of progress and success toward its goal,
Zion of the Latter Days—by ancient prophets oft foretold—
Now extending o'er the earth, to be Messiah's only fold,

In a Church with laws adapted to all governments and climes;
Free from superstition's thrall—abreast the progress of the times,—
Glowing with the faith in God, whole light and love again is known,
Through the open gates of Heaven and the angels from his Throne.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

THE HIGH PRIEST'S VESTMENTS

Used by the Ancient Cliff Dwellers of Wayne County Centuries Ago.—Breathings of the Distant Past.

BY FRANK BECKWITH

A STATE OF RECEPTIVITY

One Sunday evening Bishop and Mrs. E. P. Pectol, of Torrey, Wayne county, Utah, held a meeting, in which the Spirit was richly manifest.

On Monday evening they drove their car out of town, completely swayed by the reverential feeling of the night before. They drove somewhat north of the town in quest of "finds" of the ancient inhabitants of that region, but somehow they felt ill at ease. Something was lacking. The feeling so overcame Mrs. Pectol that she insisted they leave that locality and go elsewhere.

They drifted, more or less aimlessly, back toward home, their minds open to the least influence. They were not concentrated on anything in particular, but in the frame of mind best adapted to receiving and obeying impulses from the unknown,—intuitive impressions.

Mr. Pectol said to his wife, "We will drive to the canyon where the cedar-bark bag was found."

On stopping the car, they slowly walked toward the cliffs overlooking the canyon. About fifty steps from where they alighted from the car, Mrs. Pectol picked up some broken pottery and continued searching among the crags and cliffs in that immediate vicinity. She took to the higher cliffs while Mr. Pectol busied himself with the lower ones. After a lapse of about thirty minutes, they, together, finally came to a huge, over-hanging ledge that bore unmistakable signs of an ancient cliff dwelling. Immersed in meditation, they wondered what might be the religious worship of the people who had left signs of their former occupancy so plainly evidenced.

On the way back he called her attention to points of interest as they passed,—to the "cache" where the ancient inhabitants had stored corn in a tiny cupboard as an auxiliary to the winter food supply, and then, to keep the rodents out, had neatly plastered it with red mud, which even to this day carries the imprints of the fingers of the very person who constructed it.

FOOTFALLS OF THE PAST

Their experience breathes reverentially the nearness of the people who once had trodden the very self-same spot; and their presence was felt in the lingering half-light of the eventide.

As they drifted along, he pointed out to her "the council cham-

ber," where sat the experienced elders of the village, chosen to guide the destiny of their tribe,—men not impassioned with the turbulence of youth, but marked with the maturity and wisdom of age.

Farther they went. Past a large, flat, projecting rock they walked,—a rock about a foot thick, lying horizontally, so that a large recess lay beneath it, open at one end, but like a "V" pinching back to nothing in the recess.

Bishop Pectol was about to go past the place when a something moved Mrs. Pectol to say: "You must dig into this and you will find something."

Heeding her command, Bishop Pectol fell to work. As soon as he began, he felt the peculiar influence, though in a lesser degree than she did. As he worked, his enthusiasm mounted.

Mind you, there was not a single clue beneath that rock; not the tiniest portion of anything protruding to give a hint or to incite curiosity; in fact, just the opposite, for both knew that others had been there before. Both knew that the spot had been scrutinized, that a stick had been probed into the loose soil, and that it had failed to yield any result. Everything was the very opposite to what was about to befall.

As he touched the ground with his hands, a sudden eagerness overcame him, and he fell to work with a vim. The loose top soil was removed. Nothing showed. Far from being discouraged, he delved deeper. A tiny fragment of loose cedar bark was felt in his fingers, and then, almost furiously, he dug into the light soil. Soon a layer of different material was brought to view, and he knew he was in "made dirt." Then in an instant his hand touched a great mass of light cedar bark.

There, beneath a top layer of soil of nearly eighteen inches, he ran into a layer of cedar bark about three or four inches thick, and beneath that an important discovery; his hand touched—

THE HIGH PRIEST'S VESTMENTS!

A feeling of greatest reverence now actuated both. It was supposed that the cedar bark covered some important object beneath. Desiring their children to see this, as originally placed, without moving or raising the protective covering, they returned home, and with three of their children, their son-in-law, Claude Holt, Arthur Forbush, Joseph Anderson of Monroe, and Alfred Ostberg of Cainesville, they returned to the spot and carefully removed the remainder of the bark and earth, raised the covering, and, by the aid of the glow from a camp fire, the two uppermost circular objects came to view.

The eyes of these people then feasted on the most wonderful "find" unearthed for many a year. For before them were three great circular pieces, symbolic vestments of the High Priest of that land in a time of the long ago.

These symbols of office had been laid by, after use on the last

occasion, and adroitly hidden under the rock, covered by three or four inches of light cedar bark to absorb any moisture, and the whole spread with eighteen inches of soil.

On removing the third shield, a similar layer of bark was found covering the cone of earth over which the shields were placed, to keep them retained to shape as in a mold.

The facts leading up to the discovery made both Mr. and Mrs. Pectol imagine that they were in the spirit presence of a by-gone servant of God, who, in the long, long ago, had carefully buried the sacred vestments of his office.

DETAILS GIVEN

Let me now, with care, give the detail of these articles:

Popularly they will be called "shields." And the popular mind will always associate them with warfare,—and eager souls will see on the surfaces "the actual dents and blood-stains of fierce battles fought in the long ago." But the thoughtful, the prudent, the student of the lore of an ancient and deeply religious people, will see in them the symbolic insignia of office of the High Priest, and will in fancy picture him in deer-skin cap, fur headdress, and kilts or robes about his loins, buckskin garments clothing his person underneath, and with one of these wonderful objects on his arm! The eldest High Priest, of topmost authority, will carry the four-colored, highly emblematic one; his attendants a lesser one, in accordance with their lesser rank. And each, in ensemble, will personify symbolically the natural forces he represents in his person in the forthcoming religious rites.

First, let me disprove the word "shield" as applied in terms of warfare to these objects. No warrior, injured in battle, would take the very implement on which his life depended, the very thing he needed with which to repulse the onslaught of an enemy, and go and deliberately bury that very protective armour on which his life depended.

No! He would want it close, to be snatched on the first moment of alarm; and die with it in use, defending his wife, his babes, his home, his god.

No person of today or of the long ago, trained to the military, would take his defensive armour (associated with the word and meaning of "shield") and go to all that trouble carefully to hide it.

On the other hand, the High Priest, having performed the sacred duties required by the occasion of the great festival, the thanksgiving procession, the solemn and sacred march before God, having completed his religious duty, would take off his sacred vestments, carefully lay them upon the earth cone intended to receive them, and then, in the dead of night when all the air seemed to breathe a secret purpose, he would cover them with cedar bark, and lastly, to secure them from the profane gaze of the unworthy, place over the whole as near a

similarity to natural soil conditions as Indian skill could bring into command.



"THE HIGH PRIEST'S SYMBOLIC SHIELD"

The most important vestment of the Ancient Medicine Man. Symbolically colored, the left quadrant is in red, signifying the sun's heat; the upper quadrant, in black, as of the black rain cloud; the right quadrant, in green, divided into seven bands, symbolic of the green shoots of the tender, growing corn; and the lower quadrant, in yellow, those green shoots matured into the ripened ear.

And so placed away, these sacred, symbolic paraphernalia of office have lain these many years, until one was directed to uncover them.

For me, forever is abandoned the thought that they were intended as "war shields." I cannot think so, and I do not wish others to think so. Relatively, the degree of importance between these as "war shields" and as "the sacred vestments of the High Priest," are directly comparable to finding an old army musket and finding the Pope's mitre.

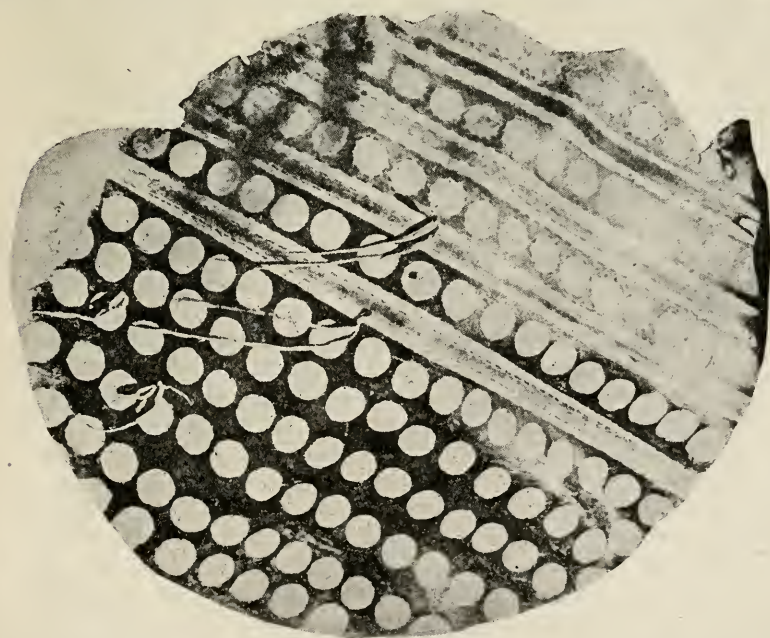
From the troglodyte down to the doughboy in the trenches, every man of war has had some kind of shield to ward off a stone, receive the impact of a blow, or take the death out of an obsidian-tipped arrow; even our boys in France used a "tin lid" to ward off injury from bursting shrapnel.

But to find what a people had used as a religious symbolism,

painted in the colors which they understood, to find these relics, opens a huge vista into the life, habits, ceremonials, and religious thoughts of a people who are present in spirit when I see these sacred objects. The man who wore them walks before me; I see why he was actuated; I follow his mind in his symbolism; I delve into his being as evidenced by those sacred things he wore.

STRICTLY TECHNICAL

These large, circular objects are made of what is presumed to be buffalo hide. They are about one-eighth inch thick, of considerable stiffness, just about of that degree of strength which "binder's board," used in book binding of the same thickness, has. They are cone-shaped, the better to retain their form, pressed into that shape, not cut and sewed; and were laid on a cone of earth and under padding of the same shape to preserve them. They are light. They cover a person from the neck to just barely above the knee. A long noose of buckskin extends from the center of each up over the wearer's neck. His left arm passes through a convenient loop at one side of the center, and the left hand grasps a smaller loop at the other side of the conical point. Thus, neck and hand support this great, cymbal-like portion of the High Priest's regalia. And, let me add, a man so covered is a man of average height, again proving, in the words of the Smithsonian Institute, "the former inhabitants were not a race of pygmies."



This relic from the distant past shows the ravages of time on an otherwise wonderfully preserved symbolic "shield," used by the Cliff-Dwellers many centuries ago.

The one with the row of white circles in the lower half on a background of black has four bars slanting along the upper half, at a slight angle. Three of these bars, or stripes, have a green center; the upper one has a center of red. The background is a rich black, holding the color wonderfully well. It has all the appearance (at first glance) of having been made the day before yesterday, and just varnished. But upon closer inspection it is seen to bear the ravishing marks of time; for the edge has rotted away. The color near that portion is dimmed. Some of the circles have dots upon them, placed and spaced differently; no doubt, one might well think, with a secret, esoteric meaning, lost to us. These dots vary in their location, as if done with a purpose. Some of the marks enclosing the bands are in dashes, and others are in dots. It is most carefully done, nicely shaped, harmoniously spaced, and of workmanship the highest. But not a mark, or dent; not a cut or scrape, as if it had ever seen service in battle. On the contrary, a piece of the highest workmanship handled like a treasure, and not marred in one slight respect.

A SYMBOL OF KNOWN IMPORT

But the second disc lends itself to better interpretation. To me, it is the most important one. It has four symbolic colors, dear to the ancient Indian heart—red, black, green, and yellow. Red for the emblem of our Sun Father, the heat of the great orb of day; black for the dark rain clouds from which drip the life-giving rain, which moisture brings into being the tender green shoots of the corn; and that continued through the season, both in abundance, causes the corn to assume the yellow color of the matured ear. And, strange to say, and to me most wonderful—it has SEVEN rays of green, running from a tip of red near the edge to the center. The sacred number seven so outcrops among our ancient inhabitants as to cause one to pause with wonder. Lord Kingsborough's monumental task about 1830 was not without foundation to prove by evidences of similarity of symbolism that the ancient Indian was descended from Judah, for so much of Judean lore, mysticism, Hebrew custom, outcrops as to haunt one, demanding a reason.

I state the symbols of these colors boldly, for every student of the Pueblo Indian is familiar with that symbology;—red for the heat of the Sun Father; green for the growing shoots of corn; yellow for the fully matured ear. The famous corn dance, the Dance of the Ayash Tyocotz, the Thanksgiving Procession, or whatever other name may have been given by writers to the deeply religious, highly important, sacredly significant dance of the Indians, embodying these symbolic colors, is too well known to students of the subject to demand extended proof.

There is a certain deep significance attaching to the use of the number seven, of which I will only briefly hint. There were seven planets known to ancient man; seven branches to the candelabra before the Holy of Holies in the Jewish temple; seven years of famine;

seven fat kine, seven lean; seven vials of wrath; a prophet strode around the walls of Jericho once a day for seven days and seven times on the seventh, whereupon the walls fell. This sacred number seven is met with on this continent, which leads one to suspect that the cause for it is a contact with immigrants from the Old World where sacred use of it was known. A search for the cause (which holds a rank and frequency to be more than mere "coincidence") is best concluded by saying that a contact with Old World mysticism found its way to these shores.

What is more fitting than that the aborigines should employ this highest, most sacred symbol (that of the sacred number seven) for the mystery of the growth of corn, the tender green shoots, absolutely dependent upon the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the rains? A writer whom I fondly admire aptly says: "Before the mystery of life the ancient Indian stood in awe. It was the great mystery to him. He saw reverentially that the warm rays of our sun father were received in the fertile bosom of mother earth, and by her brought forth into the tender shoots; continued genial warmth, coupled with invigorating rains, brought the growing food to maturity, exemplified in the yellow corn of his staple diet. And he gave interpretive thanksgivings to those powers of nature, in which his sacred priests enacted the part of the force they personified."

OUR OWN EMOTIONS

Poor, degenerate, forgetful, wandering man, far from his center of culture and farther from his heritage of old! The memory of the greatness of his forefathers slipping from his grasp—a greatness imparted to his kind from a contact in the long ago, but which he forfeited under the lure of the great open wilds! While congregated in cultural centers, crowded with vast numbers, civilization progressed; he developed; he wrought in stone; he erected vast temples which modern research uncovers in Mexico and Yucatan; he built on a huge scale; he wrought in the metals; he left ruins which even to this day stand as a challenge to our wonderment. But, when he lost himself farther and farther north from that home or those homes, in the great open wilds, he was thinly present in any section, scant in numbers here in Utah, and forced to make his home in cliffs for defense, and slowly his heritage of culture drifted away from him.

This man in Wayne county was formerly semi-sedentary. His more nomadic brother of the great wilds of Nebraska and Kansas, denizen of the great open plains, roamed more; built less; depended on his arrow for his living day by day. And what little heritage he had, drifted from him. But this man of the cliffs tried to build; tried to cultivate corn; fashioned tools (even though they were of stone merely), and held his deeply significant, interpretive religious rites, as outpourings of his frank and simple soul.

The indescribable sadness of it all; I stood before a glass display-case in Salt Lake City and gazed on the picture of a poor, withered,

wretched dead woman; unutterable sadness written in her face. Harassed by foes, in utmost dread of sudden attack by implacable enemies, at whose sorties husband, father or son fell, and she herself forced into captivity with ignominy and drudging tasks, tucked away in a tiny shelter in an almost impregnable cliff, she eked out a miserable existence, barely gaining sustenance from a few scant acres cultivated with a sharp stick.

Scarred to the marrow by a belief in witchcraft; a believer in sorcery; harassed by human foes; and all but obliterated in the struggle for existence—one time, between the occurrence of a great religious festival and its next celebration, either there was a sudden inroad of enemy, or a tribal decision to leave, and deserted was the little home in the cliffs—the little home into which I walked studious of her manner of life, inquisitive as to her culture, and peering into her own housework. My eager hands sift through the dirt and bring up treasures—things I wouldn't sell for a great price!—an empty corn cob, a fragment of squash rind; shards of pottery "killed" on the quitting of the spirit from the tabernacle of clay—and I value my finds as beyond estimate. Why? Because by them I live her life, see her at work, know her thoughts, and re-enact the scenes of the long, long ago.

Best of all, I visit a spot where a man trained in religious observances was used as one chosen to bring to light "vestments of the High Priest," and robes and raiment, deer-skin garments of wear, so that I see envisioned before me a tribal procession, headed by this man of sacerdotal office, clad in full paraphernalia, and wearing on his arm, a sacred disc, symbolically painted, which symbolism is read by all his tribe, and as he and his assistants enact the drama of nature, which he is clothed to portray, all the beholders silently thank God for the blessings of the year. Good Mother Earth—how prodigally has she brought forth, vivifying the rays of our Sun Father! And the mystery of Life—who has fathomed it, though they give it quite a scientific name?

Such was the use to which these sacred relics of the past were put. Such is the interpretive meaning I read out of and into them, of which the foregoing is only a part; for locked to us is by far the greatest part, lost, unrecoverable, and even to the Indian himself half-forgotten in centuries of conquest.

THE PROPER MENTAL ATTITUDE

You who go to see these sacred relics, go not to look upon them with thoughts of war, bloodshed, battles, strife, and death! But go to look at them in the highest thought to which primitive man was able to aspire—the enactment of the Great Drama of LIFE. Thanks for a simple mind, living simply and expressed outwardly in just as simple a manner,—thanks returned to the GREAT MYSTERY of all,—life from the seed to the ripened ear, life from the mother's

womb to the sacred Medicine Man, the embodiment to him of all his highest aspirations in human form.

Look not at them as implements of Death, but as symbols of Life. Then will they rise in importance to you, and have brought into being that scene of the long ago in which they played their part.

Thanks to Bishop Pectol, I stood where these were found. The quiet of evening's descending shades; the psychology of the environment; the spirit of the place; the thoughts which he as my guide instilled into my deepest being, all brought up from the abysmal past a scrap snatched from oblivion, from which I have feebly reconstructed around my feelings the scene of the long ago—the scene brought in visualization by sight of "the High Priest's vestments."

NOTE: I wish the readers of the *Era* would study three most excellent books to catch that spirit of the Indian which is but inadequately expressed in the foregoing:—*The Soul of the Indian*, by Charles Alexander Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux who graduated with the rank of a doctor from Cornell University; *The Delight Makers*, by Adolph F. Bandelier, who spent years among his faithful Indian friends; and *Mesa Canon and Pueblo*, by Charles F. Lummis, former editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. After reading those volumes you will understand the symbology I refer to and why it was used, and you will find a deeper significance in the subject, "The High Priest's Vestments."

Delta, Utah.

Healing Power of the Priesthood Manifested

At the request of President H. H. Rolapp of the Eastern States mission, Elder Glen W. Watkins, mission secretary, forwards to the *Era* an account of a remarkable manifestation wrought among them by the Lord, to whom they express thanks for this blessing. The letter of district President D. V. Groberg to President Rolapp reads:

"Brother John Von Mayer, New Mexico, who was stricken deaf and mute during the Mississippi flood, came to Charleston and was kindly received by the Saints to whom he came. He attended our services for a week, hearing no sound and speaking no words save in writing on paper. He asked, in writing, to be administered to, and believed with all his heart that the Lord would give him a blessing. The Saints assembled in prayer; then the elders administered to him. The power of God and his healing influence was felt, and as an unmistakable manifestation of it, Brother Von Mayer received his hearing and speech. He can not express the fulness of his joy, nor can we. He reports that doctors of repute announced his case as very likely fatal to his sense of hearing, though they gave him encouragement about a future restoration of his voice, by saying, 'The voice may be regained by another shock.' It was by shock and injury that he lost his voice and hearing. We are seeking to get authoritative reports from these doctors as well as word from the hospital at Natchez, Mississippi.

"During the Mississippi flood, in April of this year, Brother John Von Mayer, in company with his wife, his father and mother, who were motoring from the West to the East, fell into the clutches of the raging waters and, so far as is known, the latter three lost their lives. Brother Von Mayer came to consciousness in a Red Cross hospital at Natchez, Mississippi. He was then deaf and mute. His wanderings from place to place, and from doctor to doctor, brought him at length to Charleston. July 25, 1927."

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Book of Mormon Contest in Canadian Mission

An interesting and profitable contest was conducted in the Canadian mission during the month of March, 1927, in the selling of the Book of Mormon. In the Maine district, winners of the contest, 128 books were placed, and many of them have been read by persons who are now anxious to hear more of the origin and purpose of such a record. Music and "Mormonism" have proved to be an excellent combination in Maine, and



many new homes have been opened to our message. At some homes to which we have been invited twenty-five persons or more were present. The long winters make it impossible properly to follow up our summer country work, but as summer returns our friends are visited again and given another chance to hear the gospel. The accompanying picture shows the missionaries of the Maine district. The missionaries in Maine extend greetings through the *Era* to fellow-missionaries and Saints throughout the world.—Loraine Alston.

Book of Mormon Sales Increase

The South Australian district of the Australian mission held their annual conference in Adelaide, April 17, 1927, with President and Sister Charles H. Hyde in attendance. The work there has progressed favorably during the last year. The Book of Mormon sales in 1926 were nearly four times as many as in 1925; and during the four months ending March 25, 1927, ninety Books of Mormon were sold, as compared with one hundred one for the entire year 1926. A very successful country trip was recently made, and many new people thereby had the privilege of studying the principles of "Mormonism." The *Era* is a welcome visitor, and proves to be a first-class missionary.—J. Roscoe Creer, district president.



MISSIONARIES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DISTRICT

Front row, left to right: Charles H. Hyde, president of Australian mission; Caroline S. Hyde, president of mission Relief Societies; Alva E. Lennard, president of district Relief Society; J. Roscoe Creer, district president. Back row: Arthur Crane, president of Mutual Improvement Association; Heber R. Garner, Jerald W. Glenn, Dow P. Brian, Evan R. Parson, Donald Crane, superintendent of Sunday School.

Books of Mormon Sold In Germany

Elders Louis R. Curtis and Hyrum P. Cannon report that they recently made an eight-day missionary trip through the beautiful Harz Mountains, Germany. They left Hannover on April 26, 1927, by train to Doernten, and then commenced to walk, traveling without purse or scrip. In all, they covered a distance of 412 kilometers (247.2 miles), 170 of which (112 miles) they walked. In the course of their work, they distributed 5 Books of Mormon, 1 Church history, 69 pamphlets and 567 tracts; had 144 gospel conversations, and held 4 cottage meetings. The expenses of their trip, including train fare, amounted to about 42 marks. "We had a good bed every night," they said, "and received a variety of good, wholesome food. Too much can not be said in favor of the good-hearted German people, who are always willing to help the servants of the Lord." As far as is known, these two were the first elders to make such a trip through that territory.

Book of Mormon Sold In England

Spring conference of the Newcastle district, British mission, was held in the Beaconsfield hall, Gateshead, on May 29, 1927, with a large attendance. President and Sister James E. Talmage were present. The feature of the morning meeting was a dialogue by the Sunday school children of the district, based on the theme, "The Second Coming of Christ." There was a marked increase in tithes and offerings over the last year. In the last six months the elders have distributed 41,742 tracts, sold and distributed 1,344 pamphlets, 18 copies of the Book of Mormon and 38 other Church books, and engaged in 1,747 gospel conversations. Cottage meetings have been held with good results. Elders are at present laboring in the country districts. Our slogan for 1927 is, "New interest, New spirit, New records, Newcastle." Eight persons have been baptized thus

far. We have ten organized branches in the district, with a membership of 521. We find the *Improvement Era* a source of interest, inspiration and knowledge, and look forward to its arrival each month.—*Orson H. Berrett*, president Newcastle district.



ELDERS OF THE NEWCASTLE DISTRICT, ENGLAND

Standing, left to right: Amos B. Robinson, Lake Town, Utah; Frank J. Larson, Spanish Fork, Utah; Eugene R. Budge, Ogden, Utah; Harold W. England, Logan, Utah; James O. Hawkins, Benjamin, Utah; Wayne L. Shaw, Murray, Utah; Charles C. Hill, Ucon, Idaho; Earle R. Webb, Idaho Falls, Idaho. Sitting: Howard A. Stokes, Brigham City, Utah; Orson H. Berrett, Murray, Utah, district president; James E. Talmage, president European missions; A. Vincent McKay, Ogden, Utah, district clerk; Vard W. Meadows, American Falls, Idaho.

Hundreds of Books of Mormon Distributed

The Los Angeles district held its semi-annual conference on July 1, 2 and 3 in the Mathews ward chapel. President McMurrin advised the missionaries not to follow the standards of the world too closely, in the matter of dress, but rather to set an example in this regard. A delicious banquet served by the Relief Society of the Mathews ward followed the Friday Priesthood meeting. Elder Ezra M. Hawkes served as toastmaster.

President Marion W. Halliday of the Los Angeles district presided with dispatch and efficiency. Spirited gospel talks were given by President Joseph W. McMurrin and by each of the missionaries. The musical numbers were very good and much appreciated by all. The following statistics covering the first six months of the year were given by President Halliday:

Books of Mormon distributed, 825; standard works, 205; other books, 3,024; number meetings held, 2,196; number converts baptized, 44.

This indicates healthy growth of the work over past periods:—*Leo H. Nielson*, mission secretary.

Old Baptismal Certificate

Out in the suburban town of Lidcomb, about twelve miles from Sidney, Australia, lives a pleasant, elderly woman with an interesting history, Julia Nash, late of England, now a member of this district. She was born in the Church and baptized in her childhood. One of her treasures is the baptismal certificate of her mother, Sarah Cook Mycock. The certificate was issued in May, 1841, and shows that the confirmation was done by Elder Parley P. Pratt. Sister Nash, recalling the incidents of her childhood, says that as many as nine of the Twelve Apostles of the Church were entertained at one time in her mother's home in England; and that her grandmother, two uncles and an aunt were present in Nauvoo at the time of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Through a series of circumstances, Sister Nash has never been permitted to gather with the Saints in Zion. There are many elders at home, no doubt, who will be glad to learn that she is still alive and well and enjoying the association of the Saints. Her husband died more than a year ago.—*Norman B. Creer*, distirct president.

The "Montcalm" Incident

In the August number of the *Era* a short editorial note called attention to an account of the ship, *Montcalm*, striking an iceberg. Since then we have received the following statement by Elder Rulon Rawson from Dresden, Germany, one of the elders on board, giving his personal version of the faith-strengthening incident:

On July 1, 1927, a number of missionaries, namely, Walter B. Schulze, Kenneth Huber, Leland Hill, William M. Burgis, Norman Forsberg, Byron W. Daynes, Vernon L. Stevenson, Earl Worthlin, John Perkins, Edward J. Smith, Earl D. Hone, Jessie Nixon, Wayne Knight, Cecil Hart, Ray B. West, Jr., and Rulon W. Rawson, boarded the steamship *Montcalm* at Montreal, bound for Liverpool.

On Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock p. m., as we were sailing down the St. Lawrence through the Straits of Belle Isle, slowly because of a dense fog and icebergs, we felt an awful jar and heard a crunching noise, and then the boat tipped about one-third on its side. It stayed in that position about thirty seconds before it righted itself. Everyone knew that the boat had struck an iceberg. We rushed to the deck and saw a huge iceberg swiftly floating from us. We also saw the crew lowering the life boats. About six of the missionaries went to a cabin and asked the Lord for the preservation of our lives. When we returned to the deck, we found the life boats again in their places on the boat. We learned later that the only damage done was that one of the propellers had been badly damaged. We were anchored until the fog rose, making us forty-four hours late.

The next day while talking with one of the officers of the boat, we were told that the accident was the first of its kind not to be fatal since 1907. The officer stated that it was in that region the *Titantic*, a supposedly unsinkable boat, was sunk by an iceberg and it was only luck that saved our lives.

In the party of missionaries there were about five who had been told in patriarchal blessings that they would serve missions and would travel on land and sea in safety. The thoughts of my blessing drove away all my fears at the time of the accident. It was not luck that saved us; it was God keeping the promises given us.

It was an experience that I don't care to have again, yet I would not give it up because it has been a means of strengthening my testimony in the divine mercies of God.—*Rulon W. Rawson*.

DRAMATIZING AN HISTORICAL EVENT

BY S. H. NELSON

[At the stake convention social on Saturday, 8 to 10:30 p. m., held in the stakes, and conducted by the Mutual Improvement associations of the stakes, one of the items on the program provides for a dramatization of instances associated with the building of the local community. Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham submits the following very interesting dramatization in word and pictures, by the Alberta stake, which was presented at the convention recently held there. Deeming it of interest to other stakes who have not yet held their conventions, from which they may gain some idea of how this dramatization of historical events, as provided for in the program, may be presented, the *Era* prints the text and illustrations in full.—*Editors.*]

LEE'S CREEK, N. W. T., CANADA, 1887, NOW
CARDSTON, ALBERTA.
SCENE 1.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Charles Ora Card, represented by Joseph Y. Card, his son.

Zina Young Card, represented by Attena B. Williams, daughter-in-law.

John Anthon Woolf, represented by Seth H. Nelson.

Mary A. Woolf, represented by Jane Woolf Bates, her daughter.

SETTING: *Curtain rises, discovering Brother and Sister Card before the tent door, camp kettle and block of wood with ax, showing also British flag, the Union Jack, above the tent. President Card seated writing in diary.*

John A. Woolf and wife Mary entering from left.

Card. June 3, 1887. Camped on the East Bank of Lee's Creek, North West Territories, Canada, in company with Brothers Woolf, Hammer, Layne, Farrel, Anderson and Leavitt. All well in camp tonight. (*Kills mosquito on hand and face, and wife Zina kills mosquito by slapping his bald head. Rises and says:*) The mosquitos are pretty bad tonight, aren't they? (*Then addresses Brother and Sister Woolf.*) Good evening, folks. How's Brother John Woolf and how is Sister Mary Woolf? (*All shake hands.*) Have a chair—no, I mean a box or a log.

Mary. Any kind of a seat at home is better than bumping and bouncing in a spring seat over a rough, unmarked trail.

Zina. Is everybody set for the night?

John. Yes, I think so. We just strolled around the bend and found the horses and cattle all resting quietly.

Zina. You have to watch out or they will get lost in this tall grass.

Mary. The grass is tall, isn't it? I noticed today that the boys' stirrups dragged in it as they rode along. Why it's taller than the sage brush in Cache Valley!

Card. And much more useful, Sister Mary. They told me as I passed through Calgary last fall the cattle wintered out in the most severe weather and they only put up hay against the severest winters. When we were going through British Columbia just before arriving at Calgary an old mountaineer told us of the Buffalo



LEE'S CREEK, N. W. T., 1887. NOW CARDSTON, ALTA., CANADA. SCENE I

Plains in the British Northwest. I turned to the brethren and said, "If Buffalo can live there the 'Mormons' can." I feel sure that President Taylor made no mistake when he set me apart to the mission of founding a settlement for our people on British soil and we will not be sorry that we have chosen this part of the Northwest Territories.

John Woolf. President Card, the breaking that has been done by Brother Leavitt, and others, shows that the soil is rich and rather easily prepared for crop.

Zina. And the best part of it is that no irrigation ditches will have to be made.

Card. Brothers Farrel, Hammer, Ricks and myself went this morning up Lee's Creek to visit those English chaps. The vegetables they showed us from last year's garden will satisfy any one that this is a good place to build a home.

Mary. That is the way I like to hear you men talk. Crops and cattle are all right, but what we want is a home, isn't it Zina?

Zina. Of course, we do.

John. Tut, tut. To hear them one would think that we didn't know how to look after a family. We have already arranged for Mr. Barker to guide us to the timber tomorrow.

Mary. You say one of them is named Barker?

Card. Yes—Barker and Donovan—a couple of cultured fellows, too. They are the border men for the big Cochrane Ranch. They put up hay which they sell to the ranch and keep on hand supplies so that when the cowboys are riding this part of the range to head off the cattle from straying across the line into Montana they will have handy headquarters.

Woolf. We are glad they are here. Mr. Barker has promised to help brother Miles survey our homesteads.

Mary. Brother Card, did you say we were on the cattlemen's range? If that's so, let's move on. They will surely try to haze us out of here.

Card. No fear of that, Sister Mary. Those Red Coats we saw at the St. Mary's River ford are the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. They will take care of the cattlemen or Indians or anyone else who would try such a thing.

Zina. Some cattlemen confessed to Charles in Calgary last fall that a settler's cabin and his little farm were never molested, much as the cattlemen disliked seeing them come into the open range.

Woolf. How far away is this coal town you were telling us of?

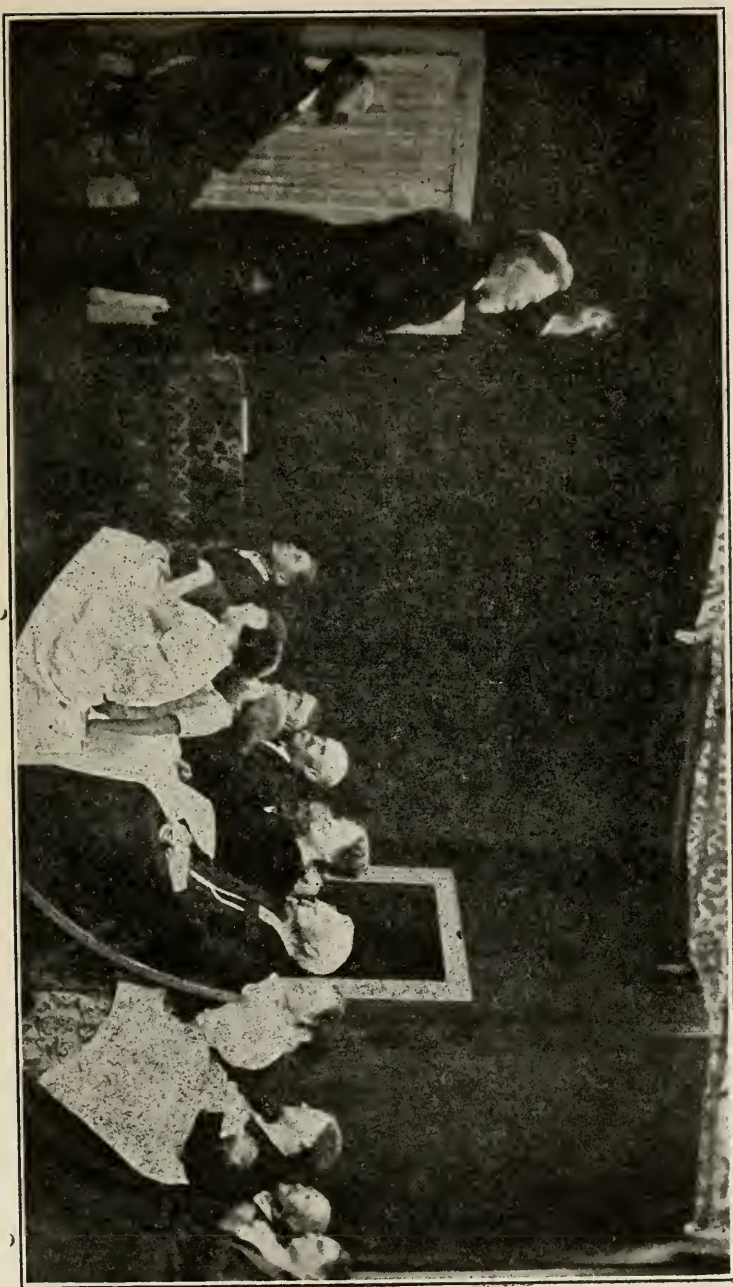
Card. Lethbridge? Why about 60 miles northeast, down the St. Mary's River.

Mary. That is a long way to go for supplies.

Card. Yes, but we will soon overcome that difficulty. We will start a co-op store in the way they tell me the merchants down in Montreal started their bank.

Zina. There will be plenty of time to build stores, Charles, when you have built me a house.

Woolf. We will have to put up a fence or so in a hurry as



A PROPHECY. SCENE II

Henry Matkin and Johnnie and the other boys are tired of herding.

Zina. I think we'll raise camels so they won't get so sore footed when they are taken to market. Camels have the right kind of feet for long trips.

All. Camels!

Zina. Don't you remember what Charles did in Helena to cure the cattle's sore feet? He dipped them in warm tar and wrapped them in gunny sacks. A dandy way to protect their poor little tootsies!

Mary. Oh, well you can't say he didn't try something. (*All laugh.*)

Card. Zina, do you think I should patent that idea?

Zina. No, I don't. But if I had come down the trail from Canada a few days' travel to meet my family, I would not have disguised as a ruffian.

Woolf. No hard names now.

Mary. It's a fact, for you heard it yourself.

Zina. Surely you remember what Johnnie said when he saw Charles getting into my wagon.

Woolf. Oh, yes. "Pa, that old stiff's climbing into Aunt Zina's wagon."

Card. Why would Johnnie say that? He has known me all his life.

Zina. That's easy. When he last saw you, you were a nice gentleman with a well trimmed beard and now, folks, just look at the old Santa Claus.

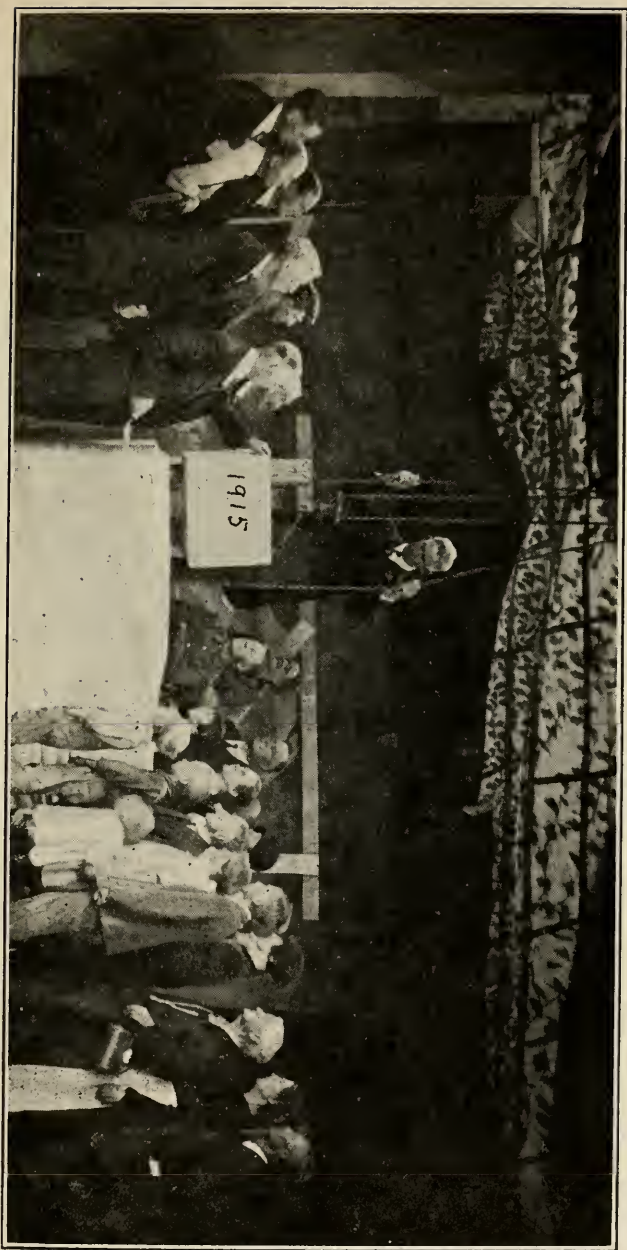
Woolf. Those weeks of travel and finding a way over unmarked trails were no time to "spruce up," nor were they a stroll down Logan main street.

Mary. My boy, Wilford, asked me today if this was home and when I told him it was he began to cry and said, "If it's home, well, where's all the houses!"

Brother Card. Folks, how happy we should be. We can raise crops without digging water ditches, get hay without planting it or going to the mountain sloughs. Our parents broke sod in Utah over one thousand miles from the edge of civilization. We are only a couple of days' travel from the railroad where we can get supplies and market our products. We are well equipped to build homes and a town. We are strong and well and we are well clothed while they were sore-footed and many of them clothed in buckskin and others in tatters. Tonight we are under the good old Union Jack with a government established in the Territories. They put up their flag with bleeding hearts, for had not its protecting folds been torn from them by unloyal, murderous, desperate men who had robbed and scourged them?

We can call this land home—a land of peace and of plenty—generations of men and women will be born and reared here and will build towns and settlements, for I see before me great waving fields of wheat and corn.—HOME, that blessed retreat for the honest in heart * * * Listen. (*Singing of "Home, Sweet Home" heard at back.*)

. Curtain



LAYING THE TEMPLE CORNERSTONES. FULFILMENT. SCENE III
Elder David O. McKay, Officiating

A PROPHECY—SCENE 2

CHARACTERS:

Charles Ora Card—represented by Joseph Y. Card.

Pres. W. Woodruff—represented by James C. Cahoon.

(As curtain rises a meeting is in progress. "Come, come, ye Saints" is being sung. As the song closes Brother Charles O. Card rises and speaks to audience.)

Card. Brothers and sisters, we are certainly pleased today to greet our beloved President, Wilford Woodruff. When President Taylor sent us here a few short years ago I did not think the President of the Church would be able to visit us so soon. We have had trials and still have them, but we are not discouraged. We all have houses and are getting our farms under cultivation. Our children are in our own school. We have found the laws good and just, and that the government officials are ready and anxious to help us. We are of the body of the Church; though far away, her leaders are mindful of us. Brother Woodruff, I doubt if in your life you will ever speak to more eager listeners than you will find this afternoon.

Woodruff. *Dear brethren and sisters.* I fully appreciate the nature of your trials and hardships, and the privations you have endured, but let me remind you of some of my pioneer days in Utah. Don't think that all the roses of Utah were all planted by Jim Bridger. I know who planted those in our yard. And I know how the water that made them bloom came from City Creek. It ran in a ditch that myself and neighbors dug. We had no fine vegetables to eat while we were digging the ditches for we had to get the water out before we dared plant the seed. And the sage brush had to be removed from the land first. You tell me that you merely plow and plant and the God of Nature does the rest. Have you had to fight desert sand and crickets? Has any great army marched against you to destroy you? No. Be of good cheer. Be encouraged. Strive to improve your holdings and the Lord will bless you. Build yourselves fine places of worship—there comes to me now a thought, nay a vision—"Ere long a temple will be erected on one of these eminences near by, to the most high God. Amen."

Curtain

LAYING THE TEMPLE CORNERSTONES—FULFILMENT
SCENE 3

David O. McKay:—

"Under appointment of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the presence of the Stake Presidency and other officers of the Alberta and of the Taylor stakes, and in this large assembly, I pronounce the sides of this stone parallel and the corners four square; therefore, I declare this corner stone of the Cardston temple, properly and evenly laid. May the structure it supports endure through the ages, and God's blessings attend this ceremony."

Curtain

Cardston, Canada.

MESSAGE OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY TO M. I. A. WORKERS

One hundred years are gone since the Angel Moroni presented the plates of the Book of Mormon to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and nearly a hundred years have passed since the translation of the plates was completed. We look back with astonishment at the rapidity with which this important labor was performed.

Oliver Cowdery, a stranger, came to the home of Joseph Smith on April 5, 1829. Two days later he began to write the translation as the Prophet Joseph dictated. The entire work was completed by the first week in June, in not to exceed two full months.

This sacred record has had little or no revision since the original dictation. The most experienced author or writer would find it impossible to produce such a volume, of 522 pages (in its present form), containing the teachings of many prophets and the words of many teachers, all expounding doctrines which agree with one another and with the teachings of the Bible.

This remarkable accomplishment is but an evidence of the inspiration attending Joseph Smith as he translated the writings of those who, for a thousand years, had made a record of the teachings and doctrines of the people living on this Western continent.

The spirit which accompanies the reading of the volume itself is its most impressive feature. The influence of the book is elevating. There is not an immodest suggestion in it. Its doctrine is sound. The loftiness of the principles it enunciates is an evidence that the work is divinely inspired. The study of it will produce love of God, love of fellow-men, love of virtue, and will lead all those who adhere to its teachings into a state of righteous living.

The story of the simple faith of Nephi; the sublime courage of Abinadi; the heroism of General Moroni; the marvelous preservation of the lives of the two thousand boys under Helaman, have delighted and interested thousands of our young people and helped them to a better understanding of the divine plan of our heavenly Father for the salvation of mankind.

It is our desire that all the young people of the Church will partake of the pure, sweet spirit of this sacred book and understand the soundness of its doctrines. If well studied, it will influence their entire lives, both in time and in eternity, and will be an important factor in helping the young people of the Church to solve the problems confronting the present generation. It is our hope that the near future will find us all with a fuller knowledge and a greater appreciation of this precious volume of scripture.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,

RICHARD R. LYMAN,

MELVIN J. BALLARD,

General Superintendency.

Editors' Table

How About It?

Are you reading the Book of Mormon? Elder Junius F. Wells, supported by the executive officers of the M. I. A., in a personal communication, under date of August 7, to the board members, urged them to read the Book of Mormon and to report that they have completed the reading by September 22, the one-hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Many of the members have already reported progress; some are reading sixteen pages a day, a very interesting and invigorating exercise between six and seven o'clock in the morning. We shall probably hear that a great majority of the one hundred members of the General Boards have completed the task when they report on September 21.

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, in his statement in this number of the *Era*, calculates that the translation of the Book of Mormon was completed in the first week in June, 1829, a few days before the copyright was obtained, and that, according to the best historical facts, the total time occupied in actual translation was about sixty days. This being the case, is there any member who will say that the Book of Mormon can not be read, and that with fair results, in the same length of time? May we suggest that stake and ward M. I. A. officers make arrangements, and decide that the Book of Mormon shall be read in the next sixty days by all of them, and if not that early, then on or before the close of the year. A date should be set for a report in each ward and stake. In this way the officers will be an example for the membership, who should be encouraged to do the same. One hour a day means about sixteen pages; one-half hour, eight pages. There are 522 pages; hence, the book can be read, taking one hour a day, in about thirty-three days; or taking half an hour, in about sixty-six days. Such reading will reveal the spirit of the book and give general and necessary vision of its contents, whetting the appetite for more careful study at each perusal thereafter, in which new revelations and truths will delight the soul.

"We believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God," reads one of our Articles of Faith. Our religion being first and foremost in our lives, what shall be said of those who neglect to read the word of God—the Scriptures? We are also commanded to search the scriptures for instruction, but we are prone to neglect this counsel. Orson Pratt, away back in 1856, in a Tabernacle sermon, said that the Saints were careless and neglectful in reading the scriptures. We fear this applies today, and that many are under condemnation because they have neglected to read the Book of Mormon. If we read it, we shall then get original knowledge, not second-hand, of a book which is to the Latter-day Saints of more value than any other except the holy Bible. But we should know it for ourselves. Understand-

ing one's faith through hearsay is unsafe. Reading the scriptures for oneself will bring new understanding, new thought, a clearer vision. The reading of the Book of Mormon is accompanied by peace, calmness and the spirit of consolation, which can come only from the reading of a book divine. In the Book of Mormon, the story of Christ and his gospel plan are plainly presented. It is a book divine in very deed. Every illustration in it shows that iniquity brings punishment, and real righteousness in daily practice brings the blessings of the Lord. The Book of Mormon is a confirmation of the truths of the Bible, which latter record alludes to its coming out of the earth. It is a new witness for Christ and a confirming evidence of the reality of our Lord's spiritual and bodily resurrection,—a strong testimony of the resurrection and mission of Christ. It is full, likewise, of truths dealing originally and intellectually with profound subjects; such as, the Fall of Adam, the Purpose of Man's Existence, Pre-existence and Immortality of Man, Man's Free Agency, the Atonement, the Need of Opposites, and the Opposition of Good and Evil. The Book of Mormon is not only a spiritual guide, but contains fundamental doctrine, ethics, and rules of practice that should be lived by the Latter-day Saints and adopted in their lives. Every Latter-day Saint should be as familiar with it as with his daily walk and conversation, because its rules of life are what he should follow. Its spirit and influence are referred to in a message by the General Superintendency and also clearly set forth in an article in this number of the *Era*, by President Wm. A. Hyde, which we commend to our young people for study. President George Q. Cannon said: "Let me recommend this book to young and old, if they need comfort and encouragement. No man can read it, partake of its spirit and obey its teachings, without being filled with a deep love for the souls of men." Parley P. Pratt said, in a sermon, "The joy which filled my bosom in reading that sacred record I can never express to any being. To have such joy understood, it must be experienced." On the spirit of the book, Elder B. H. Roberts says, "Men have gone to the Book of Mormon in despondency, and have come away cheered; they have gone to it in sorrow, and have come away comforted; they have gone to it at times when overwhelmed, for the moment, by the mists which the speculations of men sometimes throw over truth, and have come away from it enlightened, with faith, and hope, and charity renewed. It created for them a firmer faith in God. In the presence of its Spirit, doubt took wings. Its moral and spiritual standards they find to be the highest and noblest."

What more can we say than to encourage young and old to read this sacred record, which has so largely added to the spiritual life of our day? Do it, as Moroni says, "with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, in order that he may manifest the truth of it to you by the power of the Holy Ghost."

We commend every article in this number of the *Improvement Era* to the attention of our readers, as giving encouragement to them to peruse the Book of Mormon and to make it a study. Ask yourself, What About It?—A.

Priesthood Quorums

Field Notes

Cannon Ward Deacons' Outing. A two days' outing of the deacons of Cannon ward of the Pioneer stake, was undertaken early Monday morning, July 18. Thirty-one boys of the two quorums of deacons, under the direction of the supervisors, Ralph Davey and William Glissmeyer, went to Lamb's Canyon by motor truck. Each boy furnished his own blankets, and the towels, knives, forks, etc., as well as fifty cents to pay for food. The boys were assigned in groups to the various tents and all made their own beds, and helped in the preparation of the meals. Monday evening the deacons' meeting was held, after which a jollification was had. Tuesday was spent in hikes to various points of interest and that evening a bonfire celebration was held. Wednesday morning all packed up and returned home, tired but happy. Of the thirty-one boys, practically all are regular attendants at the weekly Priesthood meeting.

McKinley Ward Outing. Bishop Samuel F. Nichols reports as follows: In the matter of outings of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums, we have the time of our lives. The bishopric, as a rule, with the supervisors go right along with the crowd. We had several successful swims at the municipal baths during the past winter. During the summer we have engaged in various weenie-roasts in nearby canyons. On July 4, we had a very successful hike to Timpanogos cave, after which we had our lunch and then went to Geneva, where we all engaged in a good swim. On this outing we had our priests and teachers along with other members of our ward. About the middle of August we planned on taking all our boys to Geneva, where we would play ball, pitch horse shoes, swim and then eat. In the latter activity the boys have no equals.

Maricopa Stake. Attendance at weekly ward Priesthood meetings throughout this stake for the month of June was 40% of the priests, 30% of the teachers, and 42% of the deacons; and for July was 38% of the priests, 25% of the teachers, and 38% of the deacons. Also, practically every member of the Aaronic priesthood filled some assignment during July. A very commendable record considering all the conditions.

Glendale Ward, Hollywood Stake. As an example of the fine spirit evidenced by the members of the Aaronic priesthood, it appears that the presidency of the deacons' quorum of the Glendale ward secured the approval of the bishopric to do all the janitorial work around the meeting-house for the sum of \$15 per month. They then donated this amount each month, for a considerable time, to a missionary in the field from that ward.

Mutual Work

M. I. A. Conference in Manchester

Special M. I. A. conference was held in the Manchester district, British mission, Sunday, June 19, with Sister May Booth Talmage, president of the mission M. I. A. organizations, and Elder Richard L. Evans, Liverpool headquarters, in attendance. A district M. I. A. banner, made in green and gold, is the object of competition among our five organized branches. The banner adorned the walls of the Oldham chapel during the meetings of our conference, while the words of which the colors are symbolic—Youth and Growth; Glory and Power—added to the attractiveness of the platform. The theme of the conference was the M. I. A. slogans, as adopted since 1914, carried out in both song and speech. We are meeting with good success, all our fourteen missionaries doing splendid work. We all join in sending the *Era* our best wishes for its continued success.—*Landell S. Merrill*, president Manchester district.

What to do in September

A membership social should be held on the 20th; class work should begin on the 27th. The Committee on Organization and Membership, under the direction of the presidency or superintendency, should cooperate with the Committee on Recreation and the Finance and Publications Committee in the success of the membership social, which opening should emphasize three things: 1, Make everybody happy about the season's work; 2, Put the association over the top in membership; 3, Collect the General Fund. A Membership Card will be provided this year for presentation to every person who pays his 35c, which, we hope, will facilitate materially the collection of the General Fund, and be an added incentive to the member to pay his fee. These cards should be on hand and ready for distribution at the opening social.

The Committee on Organization and Membership should obtain from the ward clerk a list of all eligible members; make a personal visit to every individual, and extend to him an invitation to be present at the opening social. Invite the bishopric as special guests. For further details,—see page 5 of the *Year-Round Program*.

The *Improvement Era* and the General Fund should be emphasized this month. Select a ten-day period, at which a 100% canvass for the *Era* should be made. These ten days will be effective if proper preparation is made to see that full cooperation is given to the officer in charge of Finance and Publications, completing a strong organization for efficient and effective service. Have a list of all the heads of families in your ward, and prior to the commencement of your canvass, hold a meeting with the men who are cooperating in this work, giving careful instruction on the methods of securing subscriptions. Give a brief, spirited presentation of the effectiveness of the magazine to the group. Decide on a definite time when the work is to be finished, and meet at that time for check-up on the results obtained. Where individuals have fallen down on their list, other volunteers should be asked to assist for the following two or three days in the clean-up of the campaign. Use the September number of the *Era*, with prospectus of the new volume, as a sample in securing new subscriptions.

A definite plan should be agreed upon by the officers for raising the general fund. Get a sufficiently large enough organization for the ac-

complishment of the undertaking. If you raise the fund at the opening social, see that advance tickets are sold to assure a success. Inform individuals that the purchase of the tickets to the entertainment also means the paying of their annual fee. Report amount collected to the General Secretary. Act promptly in this matter.

See that manuals are provided, and that classes begin work Sept. 27.

Prize Offered for a Short Play

The attention of authors is again called to offer for a short play, in the April number of the *Era*, in which \$40 for the best one-act play is promised. The subject may be centered around any gospel theme or pioneer experience, the M. I. A. work, out-door subjects, fathers and sons' outings, scouting, etc.

The offer is open to all. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the editors of the *Improvement Era* on or before the first day of October, 1927. The range of the subjects may be as broad as the work of the M. I. A. organization, not necessarily confined to the foregoing suggestions, but the theme should be consistent with, and relevant to, M. I. A. standards and work. We reserve the right to reject any or all plays that do not reach the standard required. The play winning is to become the property of the *Improvement Era*; all other manuscripts will be returned, or arrangements made for their purchase.

Intensive Book of Mormon Campaign

In Germany there are three or four Boy Scout organizations. The largest has an enrollment of 12,000 boys. Though none of them are at present recognized by the International Bureau, there is hope for such a recognition. For our purpose, however, none of these organizations appear to offer any particular advantage by an affiliation with them. We have decided, therefore, to effect a separate Boy Scout organization. Tests for the tenderfoot, second and first classes, as well as badge designs, have been worked out to fit local conditions; but we have done nothing yet regarding a uniform, nor decided on an organization name. We already have more than 50 troops, each working under a somewhat individual system; but we are working hard to perfect our organization, so as to bring them all under one set of regulations. In our last series of conferences, we conducted two-night leadership courses for the M. I. A. officers and teachers. In Breslau 170 persons took part, and 105 in Berlin. The service of the *Era* was inestimable in drawing up our convention plans. On June 6, the Breslau district mutuals conducted an outing, in which approximately 500 persons took part. On the same day the Dresden Association celebrated its third anniversary, with a unique program and dancing party. The Zwickau district also held an outing recently, in which about 200 persons participated; while the Chemnitz district reports an interesting entertainment by their young people, at which the parents were guests. We are putting on a Home Life Campaign, a theme for our mission for 1928. Throughout the mission the spirit of M. I. A. is working rapidly. We are developing plans for an intensive Book of Mormon campaign during September, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the delivery of the plates to the Prophet Joseph Smith. A special program will be held, on the evening of September 22, in every branch of the mission, in honor of this event.—*M. Elmer Christensen*, superintendent of Mutuals, German-Austrian mission.

New Stake Superintendents

David Merrill has been appointed stake superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Benson stake, vice Merlin P. Van Orden. Utah Stake, Elmer A. Jacob, 258 North Second East. Provo, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., vice, Isaac E. Brockbank.

Answers to Four Questions

(See June *Improvement Era*, p. 748.)

BY LINDA S. FLETCHER

1—There is no statement made in the Book of Mormon to the effect that Alma, the elder, ever preached to the Lamanites. It is possible that some Lamanites might have been included among those who heard him at the Waters of Mormon. His people were in bondage to the Lamanites in the Land of Helam (Mosiah 23:26-39), but there is nothing recorded to show that Alma preached to their oppressors there, either.

2—Warned by God, Alma and his four hundred fifty converts fled from among the Nephites, who were dwelling among the Lamanites in the Land of Lehi-Nephi, when the Nephite king, Noah, sent an army to destroy them. (Mosiah 23:1-4.)

3—Alma and his followers escaped from the Lamanite bondage in the Land of Helam and went to Zarahemla, where they dwelt among the Nephites from B. C. 122 (Mosiah 24:25) and built up the church among them (Mosiah 25:19), Alma, the elder, receiving permission from King Mosiah to do so. But there were no Lamanites in the Land of Zarahemla during Alma, the elder's time, he dying about B. C. 91. (Mosiah 29:45.) The first Lamanite invasion of that land was repulsed during the reign of King Benjamin (Omni 1:24), and the second did not occur until after the elder Alma's death, as it took place in B. C. 87. (Alma 2:24, 25.)

4—The Lamanites were never in possession of the city of Zarahemla until about B. C. 51, forty years after the elder Alma's death. (Helaman 1:20-23.) The Nephites recaptured the city a short time afterward, under the leadership of Moronihah. (Helaman 1:33.) It was, therefore, impossible for the Nephites to have taken the city from the Lamanites during Alma, the elder's time.

Long View, Wash.



These are men that completed the prescribed standard course for scoutmasters at the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, recently. The course was conducted through the cooperation of the U. A. C. Department of Education and the Cache Valley Council B. S. A. They are from Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada.

Passing Events

Indians in Bolivia, South America, are on the war path, to the number of 80,000. The report from La Paz, the capital, Aug. 12, 1927, stated that several bloody clashes had occurred, but that the soldiers would soon stamp out the rebellion.

William A. Brown, born North Ogden, Utah, Oct. 13, 1889, died April 8, 1927, Salt Lake City. He was a son of George and Barbara Beckstead Brown, and one of the boys who served overseas in the World War. Funeral services were held at North Ogden, under the direction of the American Legion.

The strongest searchlight ever made was turned on, Aug. 16, 1927, at Charlottesville, Va. The searchlight will have a beam of 1,385,000,000 candlepower, visible 200 miles. The crater arc of the light, it was announced, will be "the hottest spot on earth" when 17,200 watts are turned on to give the light its full power. The temperature of the crater will be approximately 38,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and the crater will be "as bright as the sun at high noon."

An international church congress convened Aug. 3, 1927, at Lausanne, Switzerland, for the purpose of promoting unity among the churches. Nearly 500 delegates were present, representing forty-nine different nations and more than ninety denominations. Ten different languages were spoken the first day. A hymn book was used which was printed in English, French, German and Swedish. The Roman Catholic church was not represented, not even by an official "observer"

Worse than war is the struggle for life against careless automobile drivers. A Washington report states that more people have been killed by automobiles in the United States during the past eight years than the American casualties in the world war. From Jan. 1, 1919, to Dec. 31, 1926, no less than 137,017 persons were killed by automobiles, while the total dead of American soldiers in the war were 120,050. The injured, by automobiles, since the armistice are 3,500,000.

The Noble peace prize has been awarded to Germany's foreign Minister, Stresemann. M. Briand shares the 1926 peace prize with Dr. Stresemann, and the 1925 award goes to Sir Austen Chamberlain and Vice-President Charles G. Dawes. Dr. Stresemann will be the only one of the Locarno statesmen to accept the award personally, both Foreign Secretary Chamberlain of Great Britain and Foreign Minister Briand of France having delegated their respective ministers at Oslo to acknowledge the award in their behalf.

Flood waters caused damage to the amount of \$50,000, July 28, 1927, in the valley south of Grand Junction, Col. More than a mile of the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad track was washed out and most of the highways are reported impassable. Two women were forced to spend the night in trees. Many others are reported to have been caught in the flood, but none was believed to have been injured or drowned. The flood was the worst since 1908.

Six passengers from Ogden were on board the Admiral Watson when the ship went ashore, July 31, 1927, off Dewy island near Prince Rupert, B. C. The passengers were all picked up by the *Admiral Rodgers* and taken to Point Grey B. C. Those from Ogden who were on the *Admiral Watson* returning from Alaska when the vessel was wrecked are Mr. and

Mrs. J. E. Browning and their daughter, Miss Ann Browning; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. A. Lindquist, and Mrs. A. H. DeWit.

The Inland Crystal Salt Company's plant, near the Great Salt Lake, was destroyed by fire, Friday, July 15, causing a damage estimated at \$250,000, fully covered by insurance. The plant occupies an area of about 600 by 200 feet and ranges in size from one story to four stories.

A battle has been fought in Nicaragua between U. S. marines and Nicaraguan forces under the liberal General Sandino, according to a report from Managua, dated July 18, 1927. According to the report 100 "rebels" were killed by the marines and 200 more by airplanes. One American marine is said to have been killed.

Paris divorces and trial marriages were condemned by Bishop William J. Manning, of the Episcopal diocese of New York, in a sermon at the American cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Paris, France, on July 31. "Trial marriage," he said, "is, of course, not marriage at all, but simply harlotry, and calling it by a new name does not make it any better. Companionate marriage, as it is grandiloquently termed, is nothing but a proposal to sanction prostitution and to legalize free love."

Utah produced commodities for export to the amount of \$153,480, during the first three months of 1927, as compared with \$359,924 for Idaho during the same time. The total merchandise export of the country for the first quarter of the year amounts to \$1,175,020,509, compared with \$1,908,839,243 during the corresponding period of 1926. This is a considerable decrease. The state of New York stands first with an export of \$193,190,065. The next states on the list are Texas, California, Michigan, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Three new publications have just been issued by the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, and will be sent free to anyone upon request. They are, Circular No. 66, *Physical Curd Character of Milk and Its Probable Relation to Infant Nutrition*, by Dr. R. L. Hill; Circular No. 67, which gives the rules and regulations for the Fourth Utah Inter-mountain Egg-laying Contest, which begins November 1, 1927; and Circular 68, which is an annual summary of publication issued during the past year. All three are interesting and valuable; No. 66 is especially important in its relation to infant nutrition.

Edward White, Patriarch, 96 years old, passed away, Aug. 11, 1927, at the family residence in Wilford ward, Grant stake. He was born at Bosham, England, February 8, 1831, joined the Church in the early fifties, and came to America in 1864. He arrived in Utah in October that year, having crossed the Plains by ox-team in Warren Snow's company. He was ordained a patriarch in the Granite stake in 1904, and was acting in that office in Grant stake at his death. He was a faithful Church worker all his days. His songs and his smile and cheerfulness will long be remembered. He leaves ten children, 54 grandchildren, 50 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

Protestant churches in the United States are losing 500,000 members a year, is the startling report of Dr. H. K. Carroll, Plainfield, N. J., published July 29, 1927. The reasons given are, "the lowered moral tone and its benumbing influence upon the spiritual life of Christianity, that resulted from the world war; the practice of churches in pruning their membership; the negligence of clergymen in failing to restore members who stray from the flock, and the frequent migrations of families from one community to another." The proposed remedy is, the report says, "give

each and all something to do personally in and for the church. Make every church a busy church, not a cold, lazy, lifeless body."

Major General Leonard Wood, governor general of the Philippines, died at a hospital in Boston, after a serious operation, on Aug. 7, 1927. The spectacular rise of Major General Leonard Wood from an obscure post in the medical corps to a commanding rank in the combatant branch of the United States army was one of the outstanding features of American military annals. Appointed an assistant surgeon several years prior to the Spanish-American war, Wood rose to the foremost rank of American generals, his active duty culminating in the governor-generalship of the Philippine islands, after he had served four years as chief of the general staff of the army, the topmost military command.

The Geneva conference on naval limitations adjourned sine die, Aug. 4, 1927, without reaching an agreement. The disagreement developed on the question of cruisers. The British delegation headed by Admiral Bridgeman, was, according to the official statement, willing to limit the size of warships of all classes, but opposed the principle of limitation by total tonnage alone. The American delegation insisted on liberty to build, within the total tonnage allocation, the number and type of cruisers which might be suited to American needs. The failure of this conference was a foregone conclusion, but it is rather surprising that the delegates adjourned without agreeing on something. However, the opinion was expressed, that further negotiations may be commenced through the regular diplomatic channels.

A forest was buried by landslides, when a considerable mountain was reduced in proportions, 110 miles north of Rock Springs, Wyo., two miles above the head of Fremont Lake, Sublet county, July 30 and 31, and August 1, 1927. It is reported that earth rumblings were heard at times during the three days, accompanied by staggering motions of the earth. Fremont and Pine creeks head far up the mountain gorges, several miles above the slide, which is just below the confluence of the noisy waters that flow swiftly down steep declivities. But the joint stream cuts underground through the loose deposits and empties its muddy fluid into the head of the lake. When the first slide occurred, the heavy rumblings could be heard five miles and those within hearing distance imagined it was an earthquake.

Lady Lauder died in Glasgow, July 31, 1927, after an illness of only two weeks. She was the wife of the famous comedian, Sir Harry Lauder. She was operated upon, July 18, and appeared to be doing well. Lady Lauder was 59 years old. Her maiden name was Annie Vallance. She was one of a family of seventeen, and both her parents are living. Sir Harry is a broken man as the result of the shock of his wife's sudden death. The strain of the past fortnight, during Lady Lauder's illness, severely affected him. Lady Lauder was the daughter of a miner, and began work in a flax mill when a child at wages of four shillings a week. Later she joined the Salvation army and it was while she was a salvation army lass that she met Harry Lauder. Afterwards she accompanied him on his tours.

President Coolidge has announced his desire to stay out of the next presidential race. On Aug. 2, 1927, he issued this signed statement: "I do not choose to run for president in 1928." The announcement has been interpreted to mean that he is not seeking the nomination. If it should be offered him—that would be another question. That seems to be the view of such close personal friends as Wm. M. Butler and Senator Reed Smoot. Mr. Coolidge will have served five years and seven months at the close of the four-year term to which he was elected in 1924, having entered the White House in 1923, upon the death of President Harding. It was just four years ago that Mr. Coolidge was the central figure in an event of

world-wide interest when he took the oath of office by light of an oil lamp in the Vermont home of his father.

Clarence D. Chamberlin hopped off the *Leviathan*, Aug 1, 1927, in his airplane, about 100 miles from the shore, and delivered 1,000 pieces of mail at Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. It is the first time that a flier has hopped off a passenger ship, and it is thought this will be made a regular part of the mail service, as it is supposed it will cut at least one day from the time of transatlantic mails. Chamberlin came down first at Curtis field. Continuing later to Hasbrouck Heights, he delivered his mail, indicated that he saw nothing exceptional in the flight, and left to "see a friend" rather than to remain to hear the plaudits of some 600 persons who had gathered at the New Jersey field despite the rain. "I could just as well have carried passengers," he said. "I had no trouble taking off from the 'flying bridge,' although there was a fourteen-mile wind blowing. The *Leviathan* was about thirty-five or forty miles off Fire Island when I hopped off."

An earthquake in China, characterized as one of the world's greatest catastrophes, occurred May 23, 1927, in the province of Kansu, according to a letter from Shanghai to the London *Westminster Gazette*. The cities of Sisiang, Linechow, and Kusang were wiped out in the twinkling of an eye. The city of Tumentse was buried beneath a mountain. Missionaries estimate the loss of human lives at 100,000. The reason why no report of the calamity has reached the outside world until now is that the telegraphic and postal services were totally destroyed. The quake at Sisiang occurred during the celebration of mass. Immediately after the consecration, terrible subterranean rumblings were heard. Dozens of worshipers, including the Mother Superior, were buried when the church suddenly collapsed. Priests, it is said, worked frantically to rescue the living and administer the sacrament to the dying.

Four U. S. presidents are to have a monument on a granite mountain in the Black Hills in South Dakota. They are: Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt. President Coolidge dedicated the site on August 10, 1927, with an address in which he explained that Washington was chosen because his life was associated with the very beginning of American ideals; Jefferson, because he embodied the spirit of expansion which drove the young republic close to the Pacific; Lincoln, because he demonstrated the permanency of the new union, and Roosevelt, because during his administration the vision of Columbus for a new passage to the Orient was fulfilled in the building of the Panama canal. Out of the solid granite mountain, 800 feet high, the heads and shoulders of the four presidents will be carved, at the expense of half a million dollars. Work on Washington has already commenced. Gutzon Borglum is the sculptor.

Divorces have increased lately at an alarming rate. According to figures presented by Thomas O. Wallace, clerk of the circuit court of Cook Co., Ill., 4,000 divorces had already been granted this year, and there are more than 13,000 cases pending in the various courts handling marital troubles. Mr. Wallace's statistics show that, while 80,000 marriages were made in Illinois in the last year, 14,000 marriages were dissolved by annulment or divorce. Of this number Chicago carried off the lion's share. In this city 40,000 marriages, or 50 per cent of the state's total, were performed, and 8,000 marriages were dissolved there, or 55 per cent of the state's total. Desertion was given as the most general cause for divorce. And the women are to blame, says Mr. Wallace. He finds that 80 per cent of all of this year's divorce proceedings were started by women; most of these cases were uncontested, yet 75 per cent of these women had children.

Strolling Through the Lowlands

A roadway through the lowlands,	Oh, we two stroll together
Wayside pools of water,	In the Summer weather,
Rushes growing darkly green	Thinking thoughts of Summer-time
In swaying groups above:	With vision interwove:
Blackbirds flying over	Oh, 'twas Summer weather—
Sing a song of Summer,	We two there together—
Or in rushes perch again	Heard the blackbird's merry song
And sing a song of love.	And sang our song of love!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, SEPTEMBER, 1927

Two Dollars per Annum

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter

Heber J. Grant,	} Editors	Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr
Edward H. Anderson.		Moroni Snow, Assistant.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918

CONTENTS

The Three Witnesses and the Hill Cumorah	Frontispiece
Book of Mormon, Its Own Testimony. A Poem	Joseph Longking Townsend.. 937
The Book of Mormon	Parley P. Pratt..... 938
A Nation Speaks From Out the Dust. A Poem	Theodore E. Curtis..... 939
The Book of Mormon	Elder Orson F. Whitney..... 941
Translation and Publication of the Book of Mormon	Elder Joseph Fielding Smith.. 946
Testimony of the Witnesses to the Book of Mormon	Elder Joseph Fielding Smith.. 948
Sonnet to Autumn. A Poem	Ruth Burton Pierce..... 954
Nephite Philosophy of Life	John Henry Evans..... 955
Ancient Ruins of South America. Illustrated	Elder Melvin J. Ballard..... 960
Suggested Key to Book of Mormon Geography	J. M. Sjodahl..... 974
The Spirit and Influence of the Book of Mormon	Elder W. A. Hyde..... 988
A Daughter of Laman. A Story	N. Glenn Stanford..... 993
That Mother's Tear. A Story	Carter E. Grant..... 1003
Give Us Vision. A Poem	Helen Kimball Orgill..... 1012
A Sacred Place. Illustrated	Dr. J. Orval Ellsworth..... 1013
Life's Battle. A Poem	Weston N. Nordgran..... 1015
The Whitmer Home. Illustrated	E. Cecil McGavin..... 1016
My Prayer. A Poem	Helen Kimball Orgill..... 1021
The Engraving of the Three Witnesses	Junius F. Wells..... 1022
Memories of Cumorah. A Poem	Roger Howey..... 1025
The Hill Cumorah. Photo 1026
The Miraculous Book of Mormon. A Poem	Joseph Longking Townsend.. 1027
The High Priests' Vestments. Illustrated	Frank Beckwith..... 1029
Messages from the Missions. Illustrated 1038
Dramatizing an Historical Event. Illustrated	S. H. Nelson..... 1042
Message of General Superintendency to M. I. A. 1049
Workers, George Albert Smith, Richard R. Lyman, Melvin J. Ballard 1049
Editors' Table—How About It? 1050
Priesthood Quorums 1052
Mutual Work 1053
Passing Events 1056
Strolling Through the Lowlands. A Poem	Joseph Longking Townsend.. 1060

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We accept only the highest class of advertising. We recommend to our readers the firms and goods found in our advertising pages.

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HUMOROUS HINTS

Crazy: Then there's the bald-headed man who decided to bob his hair.—*Perrins.*

* * *

For Sale—Modern up-to-date dwelling house with chicken coop and sleeping porch on roof.—*M. P.*

* * *

Shoe-clerk Boarder: "The Italians in New York City are turning out counterfeit pennies."

Cheerful Idiot: "They sure are lacking in sound cents."—*D. C. R.*

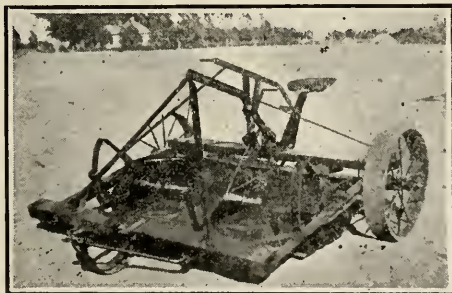
* * *

Fashionable lady of her Spiritual advisor: "Is it a sin for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says that I am handsome?"

Spiritual advisor: "It is, my daughter, we should never delight in falsehood."—*D. C. R.*

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Salt Lake City, Utah

Eleanor: "How do you like my complexion tonight, Daddy?"

Daddy (looking at her critically): "It reminds me of my grandmother's red flannel petticoat, hanging on the back yard whitewashed fence."—D. C. R.

* * *

Sambo: "You know well as I does, Rastus, dat it was de apple tree what caused all de trubble in the world.

Rastus: "You is wrong, Sambo, it was de banana tree, 'cause trubbles dey come in bunches."—D. C. R.

* * *

*How many people can think next day, or even a few minutes after, of the precise thing they ought to have said, but it would not come at the time! * * ** Coming next day, it is like the offer of a thick fur great-coat on a sweltering day in July.—A. K. H. Boyd.

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"I know my knees don't like each other."

"Why not?"

"They're always knocking one the other."—*Pertins.*

* * *

Maiden Aunt: "Where did you get those terribly loud stockings?"

Flapper: "At the Emporium."

Maiden Aunt: "Do you suppose they carry them in all sizes?"—*D. C. R.*

* * *

Billy's Indignation—Six-year-old Billy, who had been late for school a number of times was reported by his mother to his auntie.

Auntie: "Oh! Billy, when I went to school I don't remember being late but once. That time the teacher made me stand up before the school. You may believe I was never late again. Why, Billy, I'm ashamed of you."

Billy (standing on a chair): "I'm ashamed of you to have to stand up before the school."—*M. P.*

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